

**NR**  
NATIONAL REVIEW

## The Tortured Search for the Causes of INEQUALITY

### The Jencks Mission

by Ernest van den Haag



### Also In This Issue

TRAGER ON HALBERSTAM AND BEICHMAN ON ROSTOW ♦ JOHN BRAINE  
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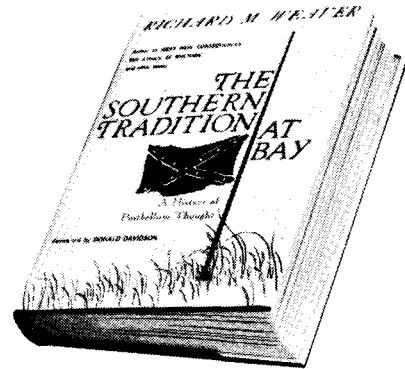
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**Solzhenitsyn**

Gerhart Niemeyer's "The Eternal Meaning of Solzhenitsyn" [Jan. 19] is, quite simply, splendid. His analysis of Solzhenitsyn's individual novels and of how his work as a whole fits into the Russian and the Western traditions is precise and convincing; but even more important, I think, is what he chose to emphasize in the first place. As Harvard Professor Donald Fanger has pointed out, Solzhenitsyn's main concern is to do something for his own people, to tell the truth about modern Soviet life, about what it has done and what it cannot do to the human spirit. But far too many Western critics have tried to return him exclusively to the literary world, to analyze him from the point of view of structure and style, while ignoring what he says.

Niemeyer, in emphasizing "the eternal meaning," has done Solzhenitsyn and all of us a great service.

Springfield, Mass. OLGA BOLOTOV

Over the years I've read—as who hasn't—dozens of news stories about Solzhenitsyn. Gerhart Niemeyer's essay was the first piece to send me to Solzhenitsyn's own works. After reading *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *First Circle* (I'm just getting to *Cancer Ward*), I conclude that Mr. Niemeyer was absolutely correct in his appraisal of Solzhenitsyn's importance. I'd love to see more criticism of such high caliber in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Newark, N.J. MILDRED SCHWARTZ

**Pot: Last Words (for Now)**

Mrs. R. J. Schroeder's letter reminds NR ["Letters," Jan. 5] of the moral dimension to the pot controversy, which as post-Christians your editors had no trouble ignoring. Your reply ("The divine sanction is not the business of Congress") is one of those quarter-truths one expects from secularists, or from individualists of the godless sort. It is no part of the Christian tradition of government. That tradition holds that government derives its authority from God, whose authority it shares in the temporal order (in its bumbling fashion). To the extent that government seeks to legitimize an offense against the divine law (e.g., murder or drug-taking), it clashes with the Source of au-

thority and renders itself illegitimate. And people who foster a government's sins of commission or omission are the scandalizers upon whom judgment was pronounced in the Gospels, in words that burn.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

*Crap. By that token the people who repealed Prohibition were doing the work of the devil.* —ED.

James Burnham's commentary on marijuana ["What's the Rush?" Dec. 8] seems to contain some of its own "confusion." He said, "If the nation has struggled along for two hundred years without legal pot, it can doubtless survive without it a few years more." Mr. Burnham apparently didn't know that marijuana was legal until 1937, when the Marijuana Tax Act went into effect. He also stated, "Pot is going out of fashion. I know this is true at several schools with which I have direct acquaintance, and several college campuses" (singling out Dartmouth). Since I am a college student myself, and I have friends at colleges all across the United States, I know for a fact that it is not going out of fashion, especially at Dartmouth.

Rockford, Ill. FRED FULD III

C. H. Simonds ["Confessions of a Hemp-Hater," Dec. 22] listed several drawbacks to pot smoking and to legalization. The best weeds in the world are both potent and mild; when companies legally market their own pot it would probably be the best. This would eliminate coughing, sore throats, and buildup of scar tissue since it would take only a few puffs to be really stoned. A water pipe also helps eliminate these things with a cooling of the smoke, and it also stops the eyes from burning, nostrils from itching, burnings from ash, and also some of that nasty smell in the air. And if you still have a smell in the air, the remedy is simple: Turn on a fan, open a window, or light some incense.

Hays, Kan. HENRY MUDD

It may indeed be argued, as Mr. Cowan argues, that the laws against marijuana need to be revised. Perhaps penalties (Continues on page 178)

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## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we consider inequality, a thing much talked about in intellectual circles since the publication of Christopher Jencks's book of the same name. Professor Jencks's more spectacular conclusions—e.g., that school quality, school integration, even home environment have relatively little effect on the individual's educational achievement or earning power—have received much publicity. **Ernest van den Haag** reviews them, approvingly for the most part, and finds them in a way revolutionary, coming as they do from a Harvard/*New Republic* liberal. But as for the remedies Mr. Jencks proposes for the curse of inequality: Mr. van den Haag finds them socialist, redistributionist—in short, reactionary. . . . Speaking of Socialists, **John Braine** used to be one; in the process of becoming one of England's best writers, he learned a thing or two, and came around. He offers an amusing dispatch telling how pollution problems are being solved nicely over there by the private sector. . . . Mr. Braine will no doubt enjoy **D. Keith Mano's** forthcoming novel, which Mr. Mano reassures us is "adamantly pro-pollution." Mr. Mano saw the American worshippers of Krishna cavorting on a street corner, and followed them to Brooklyn on the F train, and reports. . . . Speaking once again of Socialists (last time this issue, we promise), **Dennis Prager**, who makes his first appearance in *NR* with a report from Poland, is a member of the Young People's Socialist League—that is, a *democratic Socialist*, which is more than can be said for the rulers of Poland. . . . **WFB** gives an account of a recent and unhappy experience sailing on his schooner, and being "rescued" by the Coast Guard. Asked for the philosophical meaning of his experience, he said: "Let me muse on it." He is still musing. . .

—CHS

## The Week 184

- |                 |     |                                                                                  |
|-----------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Articles</b> | 200 | The Tortured Search for the Cause of Inequality<br>by <i>Ernest van den Haag</i> |
|                 | 204 | Maoists in Search of Mecca by <i>Gene Gregory</i>                                |
|                 | 205 | Where There's Muck . . . by <i>John Braine</i>                                   |
|                 | 206 | The "Black Genocide" Myth by <i>Jean Jeffries</i>                                |
|                 | 208 | Letter from Poland by <i>Dennis Prager</i>                                       |
|                 | 209 | On Being Rescued by the Coast Guard<br>by <i>Wm. F. Buckley Jr.</i>              |

- |                    |     |                                                    |
|--------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Departments</b> | 198 | Capitol Issues by <i>George F. Will</i>            |
|                    | 199 | The Protracted Conflict by <i>James Burnham</i>    |
|                    | 213 | Land of the Free by <i>William F. Rickenbacker</i> |
|                    | 214 | From the Academy by <i>Russell Kirk</i>            |
|                    | 226 | On the Right by <i>Wm. F. Buckley Jr.</i>          |
|                    | 174 | Letters                                            |
|                    | 182 | For the Record                                     |
|                    | 195 | Prophet of the Year                                |
|                    | 228 | Trans-O-Gram                                       |

- |                           |     |                                                                                                                                  |
|---------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Arts &amp; Manners</b> | 215 | Keith Mano on the Krishna kids<br>Gary Jay Williams on Irish theater in New York<br>Nika Hazelton on food and the counterculture |
|---------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- |              |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|--------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Books</b> | 218 | Frank N. Trager on <i>The Best and the Brightest</i><br>Arnold Beichman on W. W. Rostow<br>Hiram Catton on <i>Tradition and Authority</i><br>John Coyne on mysteries<br>Donald Coxé on Edgar Smith's <i>Getting Out</i> |
|--------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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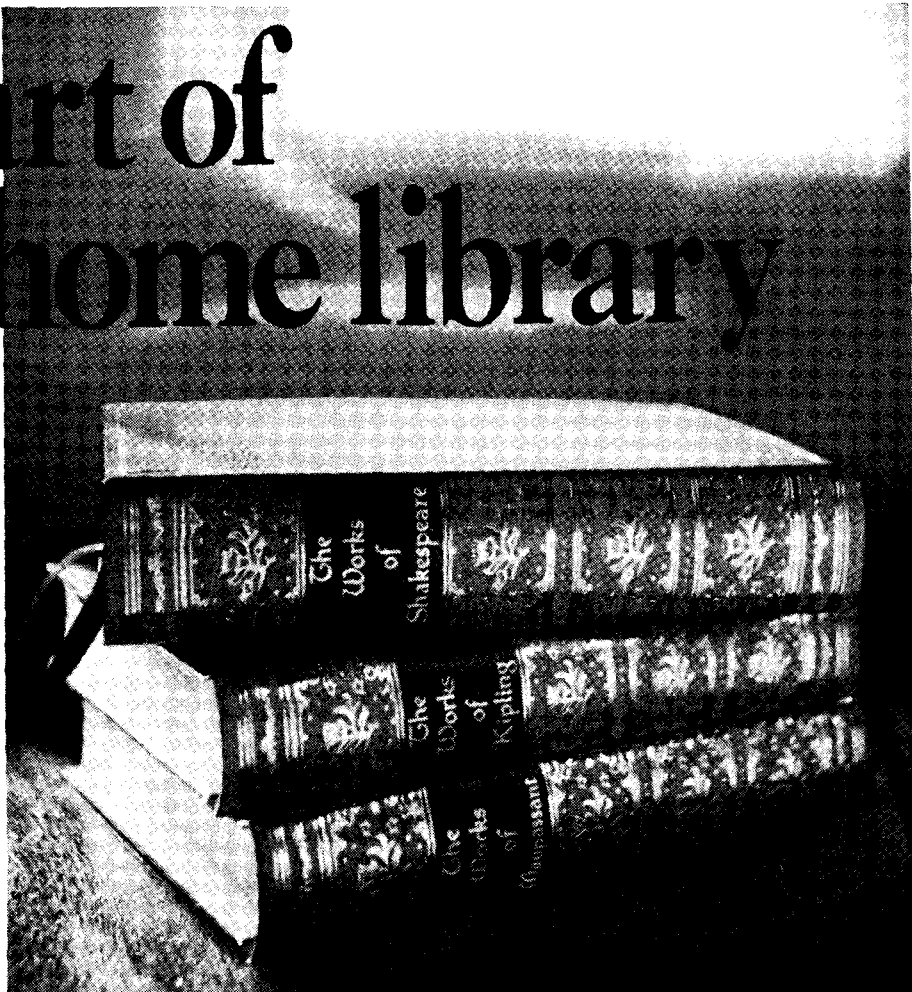
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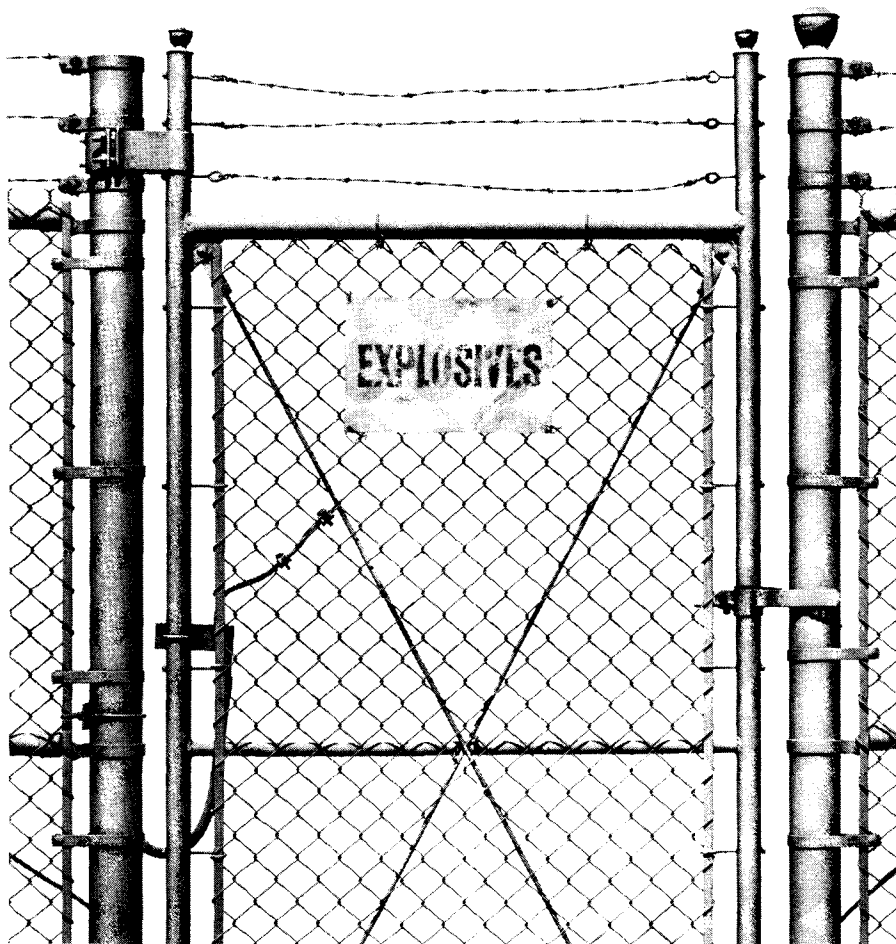
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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 174)

should be made less harsh, and certainly the laws should be enforced with more consistency. It may be, also, that we drifted into a situation comparable to Prohibition; perhaps it's no longer possible to enforce any law against marijuana. But let's not kid ourselves. The campaign to legalize marijuana is a step toward legalizing hard drugs. Degrees of harmfulness may be debated—about alcohol, ordinary smoking, driving faster than the speed limit, and many other things. Society attempts to prohibit some things totally (and never succeeds). The importance of the law against marijuana is that it is a signpost which indicates society believes marijuana to be harmful. Remove this and other signposts (against pornography, for example), and the jungle will certainly become more natural. That is not, however, what conservatives should want.

PHYLLIS HIRSHLEIFER

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

## Cowan Replies

Limitations of space, not weariness of the spirit, preclude my rebutting all of the points raised by your correspondents ["Letters," Dec. 22, Jan. 5, Feb. 2]. However, I *had* read virtually every negative study they cite *prior* to writing my piece.

Unfortunately, none of the readers who disapproved of my stand addressed themselves to my arguments that the present laws are *counterproductive* in application and *anticonservative* in philosophy.

Citing the effects on unborn hamsters or 38 adolescents is not going to tell us anything about good social policy; nor, really, will the example of the government of India. I am opposed to adolescent drug use, but the present scheme clearly is not stopping it; and random jailings are politically disruptive, no matter how indifferent one is to the suffering they cause.

One letter though, from Dr. Whelan in Detroit [Jan. 5], is typical of the arrogant ignorance that got us into this mess in the first place.

Whelan grandly refers me to the reviews in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the *New England Journal of Medicine* of Lester Grinspoon's *Marijuana Reconsidered*, which he dismisses as "laughably pro-pot." Well, read them yourself, Doctor.

The *JAMA* reviewer, it is true, feels that Grinspoon does not give sufficient weight to the dangers of marijuana; but he also calls the book "competent medical journalism."

The respected *New England Journal of Medicine* does a more thorough job, and the reviewer, Dr. Richard C. Pillard, is the author of a study on marijuana sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health and published in the *NEJM* in 1970. He criticizes Grinspoon's handling of the stepping-stone theory as biased, but



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the review is otherwise favorable. Ironically one paragraph applies beautifully to me and Dr. Whelan. "Dr. Grinspoon will inevitably be seen as pro-marijuana in that he spends a good deal of time rebutting the absurd arguments of the drug phobics who dominate official attitudes on the subject. However, he recognizes that any drug has the potential for harm, and his treatment of adverse effects is generally full and fair." Laughably pro-pot?

The same Dr. Pillard also reviewed John Kaplan's *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* in the January 28, 1971 *NEJM*. Of it he says the chapter on legalization "is profoundly convincing. Nor are the dangers of marijuana minimized; it is simply that *as bad as some drugs are, there may be laws that are worse* [my italics]."

Pillard is most emphatically not pro-pot, but concludes: "Unless Professor Kaplan's suggestions are allowed to have their deserved impact, a reaction of perhaps disastrous proportions may be impossible to avoid."

In conclusion, read John Kaplan's book.

If you disagree with it, fine, but if you can't go to the trouble, at least stop advocating the jailing of persons for something about which you don't know enough to criminalize it.

Fort Worth, Tex.

RICHARD C. COWAN

### Non-fawner

Richard Walker reviewed quite favorably Edward Rice's *Mao's Way* [Jan. 5], saying we should rely on it to correct the "euphoric nonsense" about China's leaders. However, in "The Genial Mao" ["The Week," Feb. 2] you included *Mao's Way* in a list of "nine Mao-fawning books." Does the book Mao-tow or not?

New Haven, Conn.

JOHN DRAILLIT

*It doesn't, and should not have been included amongst the Mao-fawners.* —ED.

### Left, Right, Left, Right . . .

The political and judicial conflict over which side of the road is to be driven on ["Left Lib, Right Lib," by Philip J. Davis, Jan. 5] is an inevitable result of government intrusion into an area that should be left to private enterprise.

Sale of the streets would result in the sort of diversity sought in the Supreme Court *Burstein* decision, but rather than the arbitrary left-right ratio of half and half, the proportion would be determined by the free play of supply and demand.

Private operation of the roads is certainly preferable to the compromise obtaining in Mr. Davis' neighborhood. [Providence, R.I.] There, under government ownership, many of the streets are so narrow that both directions of traffic are obliged to operate in the same lane.

San Francisco, Calif.

CHARLES FLOTO

### Mutiny

My thanks to Lt. John Paul Jones for putting black militancy in the military in

a sound philosophical framework ["Militants at Sea," Jan. 19].

Reflecting on my own experience this past year in the U.S. Army, and recent disturbances aboard naval vessels, it has been difficult for me to put these things in proper perspective. I recall vividly, from my days in Advanced Individual Training, refusals of blacks to respond to white peer leadership, sympathetic attitudes of black NCOs toward "bad attitudes" of black enlisted men, discrimination in favor of black enlisted men, and, finally, one night when a group of blacks roamed through the barracks dragging whites from their bunks and beating them with pool sticks and brooms.

Lt. Jones correctly says that the blacks' complaints result from socioeconomic circumstances, and militant flames are fanned by peer pressures exerted by power-hungry blacks.

The solution offered by Lt. Jones, and hinted at earlier in an *NR* editorial ["Naval Mutiny," Dec. 8], is, again, correct—a lessening of the liberalization of the military, and a re-emphasizing of such traditional values as discipline and patriotism.

Lansing, Mich.

RICHARD D. BALL

I have been in the Navy for four years and I can assure you the conditions which sparked the black riots on board three United States warships are there in their ugliest forms. The word "nigger" is heard constantly; it is heard most from those senior petty officers whose job and responsibility it is to maintain good order, discipline, and morale. They, with rare exceptions, care not a whit for the morale of the junior men in the Navy.

I can assure you that discipline is being ripped to shreds. It is being destroyed because those in charge flagrantly disobey the superiors who are never seen. When the junior men see this, they act as their examples act—they disobey.

Admiral Zumwalt is the only reason many men continue to devote years of their life to the service of the sea. He is the reason the Navy's violence and riots do not even hold a candle to those of the other services.

If the authors of "Naval Mutiny" and "Militants at Sea" would care to join the Navy as a seaman recruit and then read the Uniform Code of Military Justice, they might understand the situation better.

THOMAS MICHAEL KELLEY

Electronics Technician 3rd Class

FPO, San Francisco

U.S. Navy

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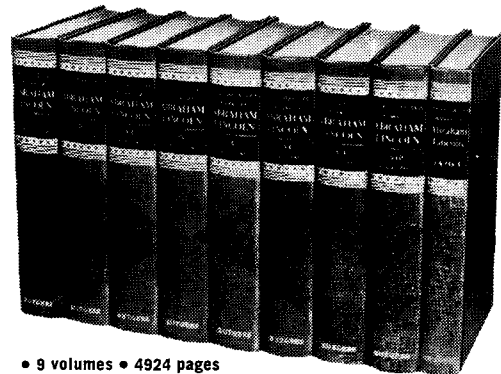
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# FOR THE RECORD

■ About the ceasefire: The **American Friends Service Committee** thinks the hitch to it is possible "new maneuvers by the **Nixon Administration** to subvert the agreement." It warns that "the continuing U.S. program to aid the regime of President **Thieu** may contribute to the collapse of ceasefire hopes and the resumption of war." (No word from The Friends about possible subversion on the Communist side.) . . . **Joan Baez** warns that the ceasefire would be "the grimmest it could be" if it were at the expense of the "300,000 political prisoners" in South Vietnam. . . . Left press very sore that **George McGovern** refused to take part in Trotskyist **National Peace Action Coalition** demonstration in Washington on Jan. 20, Inauguration Day. Didn't want to look like a "sore loser," explained McGovern. . . . **Gallup** reported 51 per cent of American people don't think we should help rebuild North Vietnamese cities; 40 per cent do. (Headline in *Boston Globe*: "FOUR OUT OF TEN AMERICANS FAVOR HELP IN REBUILDING NORTH VIETNAM.") . . . Ceasefire sent Russian poet **Yevtushenko** to his typewriter, came forth with paean in praise of American peacefighters **Benjamin Spock** and **Jane Fonda**, among others. . . . *U.S. News* estimates cost of Vietnam war at \$140 billion (**Revolutionary War** cost \$75 million). . . . Chairman **Richard Ichord** of House Internal Security Committee says end of war won't mean the end of revolutionary activity in the U.S. The revolutionaries, he says, will look for other issues, among them prison reform, busing, ecology, amnesty for draft-dodgers and deserters.

■ Historical footnote: First sentence of **Edward Kennedy's** statement on death of **Lyndon Johnson** was: "He was a loyal Vice President and he had the respect and affection of **John Kennedy**." . . . Senator **Robert Byrd** (D., W. Va.) has introduced a bill to rename

Washington's National Airport after **Lyndon Johnson**. . . . FAA not amused by Sen. **Vance Hartke's** refusal to submit to airline searches, is threatening to fine **Allegheny** and **Delta** airlines \$1,000 each for permitting him to board flights without a search. (**TWA** refused to allow Hartke on one of its flights.) . . . Hassle at **Palm Beach International Airport** about who will foot the charge for the security measures.



Emmwood, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth  
Futile Fanfare

The county says it will close airport rather than pay the \$190,000 tab. . . . Meanwhile, State Department reports that nine countries—**Canada, Argentina, Australia, Italy, Ireland, France, New Zealand, Spain, and United Kingdom**—have signed hijacking extradition treaties with the U.S.; another three treaties are in process. . . . Tough anti-hijacking bill being readied by Rep. **John Murphy** (D., N.Y.) which would, among other things, provide death penalty for hijacking and empower the President to suspend air service between the U.S. and any nation "which harbors skyjackers or refuses to return hijacked planes."

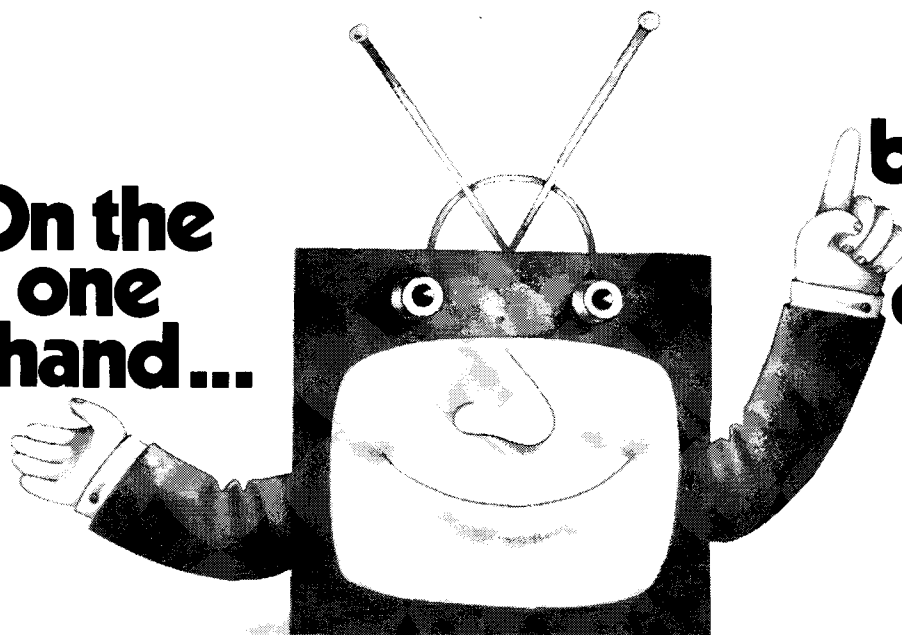
■ In the new Congress: Sen. **William Brock** (R., Tenn.) will resubmit his constitutional amendment to forbid forcible busing of public-school children for racial purposes; believes his chances of getting it through are good.

. . . Rep. **Edith Green** (D., Ore.), second ranking member of Education and Labor Committee, has shifted from that committee to Appropriations, apparently because she was frustrated and harassed by liberal Democrats on Education on the matter of school busing (she was against). . . . Sens. **Edward Kennedy** and **Barry Goldwater** are co-sponsoring bill to space out postal increases for magazines over ten years (instead of the presently scheduled five), and to provide relief for small magazines (circulation 250,000 and under). . . . *Daily World* (CP) banner headline on President Nixon's budget makes the point loud and clear: "NIXON STARVES POOR BUT STUFFS PENTAGON."

■ In Africa: President **Léopold Senghor** of Senegal, generally regarded as a moderate leader, was re-elected to another five-year term last week—decisively. The official word is that 97.05 per cent (not .04, but .05) of the eligible voters turned out and the vote was 100 per cent for Senghor (who had no opponent). Even the Communists don't do it that well. . . . The latest estimate is that two million people died in the Biafran civil war in **Nigeria**, most of them from starvation. . . . President **Idi Amin** of Uganda has put his army on full alert, just in case **Rhodesia** plans to attack his good friend **Kenneth Kaunda** of Zambia. . . . Incidentally, Amin's expulsion of Asians has meant that the **Ugandan telephone company** now has only 5,000 subscribers, from a high of 12,000 a few months back. . . . Historical note: **Egypt's** most senior senior citizen, 150-year-old **Hassan Gallad**, died on January 27. He helped to dig the Suez Canal.

■ **IRS** has made it official. You can deduct your acupuncture bills as a medical expense even though, as they (brace yourself) say, doctors are in it only for the pin money.

On the  
one  
hand...



but  
on the  
other...

Television is too liberal!

Television is too conservative!

Television clings too tightly to the middle-of-the-road!

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A national Roper poll has found that the overwhelming majority of Americans say television is fair "about showing

different points of view in its news programs, discussion shows and interviews...opinions of community leaders, leaders of organizations, politicians, and just average citizens."

Because the airing of opinions—even those that are disturbing—is vital to democracy, television must and will make certain that voices all across the spectrum are heard.

We can't predict just whose opinions will be aired in the weeks ahead, but we can list some upcoming programs that should earn the high opinions of selective viewers.

**The Last King of America.** The American Revolution—Peter Ustinov portrays George III. Thursday, Feb. 1 (9-10 pm).

**What Are We Doing To Our Children?** CBS Reports—Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard probes society's effect on youth. Thursday, Feb. 1 (10-11 pm).

**Much Ado About Nothing.** Joseph Papp's imaginative New York Shakespeare Festival production. Friday, Feb. 2 (8-11 pm).

**ABC Afterschool Special.** Incredible, Indelible, Magical, Physical, Mystery Trip; Last of the Curlews. Wednesdays, Feb. 7; March 7 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.** Hallmark Hall of Fame—New production of award-winning stage musical. Friday, Feb. 9 (8:30-10 pm).

**Cities: Our Next Frontier.** What About Tomorrow?—How technology can meet needs of city dwellers. Saturday, Feb. 10 (6:30-7 pm).

**Duke Ellington...We Love You Madly.** Tribute to Duke with Count Basie, Tony Bennett, Ray Charles, Billy Eckstein, Sammy Davis, Jr. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-10:30 pm).

**The Great Man's Whiskers.** Charming story based on true Lincoln incident. Tuesday, Feb. 13 (8-10 pm).

**America.** Domesticating a Wilderness; Money on the Land; The Huddled Masses; The Promise Fulfilled and the Promise Broken. Tuesdays, Feb. 13, 27; March 13, 20 (10-11 pm).

**The Violent Earth.** National Geographic Society—Documentary on devastations of nature—hurricanes, volcanoes. Thursday, Feb. 15 (8-9 pm).

**The Hippo.** Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Capt. Cousteau and crew study animal life in East Africa. Friday, Feb. 16 (8-9 pm).

**NBC Children's Theatre.** The Street of Flower

Boxes, Sat., Feb. 17 (12 noon-1 pm); Jennifer and Me, Sat., March 3 (11 am-12 noon); A Picture of US, Sat., March 17 (12 noon-1 pm).

**Dr. Seuss.** The Cat in the Hat, Tues., Feb. 20 (8-8:30 pm); The Lorax, Wed., March 28 (8-8:30 pm).

**Jack Lemmon—Get Happy.** Salute to composer Harold Arlen, starring Diahann Carroll, Johnny Mathis, Doc Severinsen. Sunday, Feb. 25 (9:30-10:30 pm).

**Peter Pan.** Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard in Emmy-winning musical fantasy. Friday, March 2 (8-10 pm).

**Honor Thy Father.** Based on Gay Talese's book about human side of underworld. Friday, March 2 (9-11 pm).

**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.** Kirk Douglas in musical version of Stevenson novel. Wednesday, March 7 (9:30-11 pm).

**Long Day's Journey Into Night.** O'Neill's brilliant drama with Laurence Olivier, Constance Cummings. Saturday, March 10 (8-11 pm).

**The Virtuoso Orchestra—A Show-off Concert.** New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Rossini and Ravel. Sunday, March 11 (5-6 pm).

**There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown.** The "Peanuts" kids' reactions to school. Sunday, March 11 (7:30-8 pm).

**The Singing Whales.** Study of whale species that communicates musically. Wednesday, March 14 (8:30-9:30 pm).

**Applause.** Lauren Bacall in award-winning Broadway musical. Thursday, March 15 (9-11 pm).

**The Red Pony.** Adaptation of Steinbeck novel with Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara. Sunday, March 18 (8:30-10:30 pm).

**Tom Sawyer.** Mark Twain story starring Jane Wyatt, Buddy Ebsen, Vic Morrow. Friday, March 23 (8-9:30 pm).

**Tony Awards.** Honors for excellence in the theatre. Sunday, March 25 (9-11 pm).

**Keep U.S. Beautiful.** Entertainment with an ecological theme. Tuesday, March 27 (8-9 pm).

**Academy Awards.** Annual Oscar presentations. Tuesday, March 27 (10 pm-12 midnight).

**The Selfish Giant.** Based on story by Oscar Wilde. Wednesday, March 28 (8:30-9 pm).

**Peary's Dash to the North Pole.** Appointment With Destiny—Re-creation of historic expedition. Wednesday, March 28 (10-11 pm).

**Pueblo.** ABC Theatre—Dramatization of true story of the "Pueblo Incident" starring Hal Holbrook. Thursday, March 29 (9-11 pm).

#### REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

**Monday through Friday:** Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Roger's Neighborhood/Electric Company.

**Tuesday:** NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

**Wednesday:** ABC Afterschool Special (1st Wed. of each month).

**Saturday:** In the News/Multiplication Rock/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With a Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival/Zoom.

**Sunday:** In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Rock/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

**Note:** This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

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# THE WEEK

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■ *Mon Dieu! C'est le derrière de Marlon Brando, n'est-ce pas?* Not any more, *mon ami*. It seems Brando caught a screening of his *frank* new film, *Last Tango in Paris*, and was hugely distressed at the sight of his own . . . fanny. Snipping ensued; and the U.S. version of *Tango* will be a *wee* bit tamer than the one that's wowing Europe. History may recall that the pendulum began to swing the other way the night Brando beheld his own behind, and . . . blushed.

■ With the ceasefire came Defense Secretary Laird's announcement that the military draft will end immediately, five months ahead of schedule. The Pentagon is optimistic about the prospects for the now all-volunteer U.S. Army, but the President still has the authority to order inductions in case of national emergency. The volunteer draft was for years an enthusiasm of the polemical opportunists seeking to find any means of undermining the war effort. Watch them now complain about the high cost of defense.

■ Judge Charles L. Brieant Jr. of the (federal) district court ruled on January 24 for the plaintiffs, Messrs. William F. Buckley Jr. and M. Stanton Evans, against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. The plaintiffs had argued that under the First Amendment, no congressional act can be abused in such a way as to qualify the right of Americans to give the news and comment upon it over radio and television, and that AFTRA had been doing that a) by requiring membership, and b) by submitting members to its discipline. The judge, while finding for the plaintiffs, withheld the granting of specific relief, expressing in the meantime confidence that the defendants will not violate the spirit of his opinion. In a fortnight or so, the judge will do one of several possible things, ranging from declaring as unconstitutional the relevant section of the National Labor Relations Act, on which AFTRA has relied; to merely protecting Buckley and Evans and other news analysts from conscription by AFTRA. AFTRA will of course appeal, but the good guys are ready for them. Principal good guys are Attorney C. Dickerman Williams (who won the fight against Linus Pauling for NATIONAL REVIEW); the National Right To Work Legal Defense Fund, which has financed the lawsuit; and—the First Amendment.

■ Dr. Alfred L. Kennan, of Madison, Wisconsin, has been running an abortion clinic for two years now. Though he's been arrested once, appellate court injunctions had prevented prosecution pending the Supreme Court's ruling on the constitutionality of anti-abortion

laws. Now Dr. Kennan is in the clear, and can continue doing his 125 weekly "procedures," as he calls them, without apprehension. And now other doctors can safely procedure the thousand or so women he has to turn away each week. Lois Wille, of the Chicago Daily News Service, recently described Dr. Kennan's clinic: "Patients wait in tiny sitting rooms softly lit with mock-Tiffany lamps. The low chairs are covered in amber velvet, and the adjoining washrooms have yellow cabinet sinks, amber velvet settees, and tissue boxes covered in gold plush." And: "A delicate cut-glass butterfly mobile hangs in his 'procedure room,' fuzzy white fur-like stirrups protect bare feet on his operating table, and a pink-yellow-and-blue sign on an examining-room door reads: 'Caution—Human Beings. Handle with Care.'"

■ Heating-oil shortages in some areas result from 1) environmentalist restrictions on oil exploration and transportation, 2) environmentalist restrictions on building new refineries, and 3) price controls, which kept the price of heating oil unprofitably low while allowing gasoline prices to rise. President Nixon has relaxed import quotas on heating and crude oil. But refineries are already processing all the crude they can, and worldwide demand for refined heating oil is so high that adequate supplies may not be available from abroad at existing low prices.

■ Production soared in 1972—6.5 per cent in "real" term. Inflation, as measured by the consumer price index, was a little (.3 or .4 of one percentage point) below the precontrols period of 1971, with most of the improvement occurring last spring. Wholesale prices rose by an embarrassing 6.5 per cent, compared with a 5.2 per cent annual rate in the first seven months of 1971. Average unemployment for the year was down slightly, 5.6 per cent compared with 5.9 per cent in 1971, and the rate dropped to 5.2 per cent in the last two months. Profits were higher, but less, as a percentage of sales, than in the mid-1960s.

■ Dean Francis B. Sayre of the Washington Cathedral is pressing Premier Olof Palme of Sweden for the Ter-giversator of the Month Award. Lenny Bernstein threw a counter-Inaugural concert in Sayre's Cathedral, you recall; only, according to Sayre, it wasn't a counter-

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## You Won't Believe It

You won't believe it, but I know  
A liberal who's panting so  
You might mistake him for a hound.  
The reason for the panting sound  
(You won't believe it when you hear),  
Is for the North to persevere.  
He wants the war to re-erupt  
Because the South is so corrupt.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Inaugural: "I am not viewing this as a counter-Inaugural or a protest of some kind. We feel that the cathedral works in music and in art and that a concert was one way we could make our plea for peace." The time and place of the event, you see, were purely coincidental. Not to be outtergiversated, Palme said that when he compared the bombing of Hanoi with the Nazi atrocities like Lidice and Treblinka he was only citing "symbols of meaningless human violence" and was far from intending a "literal comparison." Whatever that means.

■ The New York State Education Department is developing a China Studies curriculum, with the assistance of a consultant named Jack Chen. Who is Jack Chen? "He's a delight to have around," exults one official. "At first, the secretaries were apprehensive about having a 'real live Communist' in the office. Now they love him." A real live Communist? "Usually," explains another official, "we seek an individual who helps us see the society as it sees itself." Oh. Well, in that case, they've certainly found the right man for the job. Mr. Chen spent two decades in China writing for official English-language publications (he never quite got the hang of Chinese), helping others see Maoland as it sees itself. Senator Buckley wants to know why the taxpayers' money is being spent on Mr. Chen.

■ Unfortunately for Burma it shares a 1,200-mile border with China. Several days prior to the cease-fire in Vietnam, a force of Burmese Communists seized a large parcel of territory in northeast Burma. As yet the Burmese government hasn't commented on the land grab or even informed its people, but Western sources say the Communists were supplied and led by the Chinese. The sources attributed the government's silence to a fear of offending its neighbor.

■ Thousands of Johannesburgers were all set to watch supersonic *Concorde* 001 swoop into the local airport January 23, but it was no show. The world's swiftest artificial bird, currently ranging the globe in a desperate

effort to sell itself to skeptical airline officials, had sprung an oil leak in, of all places, Liberia, and was flat on the tarmac at Monrovia. As the French and British sponsors crossed South African Airways off their prospect list, some commentators in London and Paris were referring to the *Concorde* project, now in its second decade of ever-mounting costs and never-ceasing troubles, as a new Algeria.

■ With only a month to go before the parliamentary elections, Chile maintains an uneasy peace. The Allende government's high-handling of rationing very nearly led to a repeat of last October's general strike (according to some observers, it was *meant* to). Allende's popularity is at its nadir; he would welcome any excuse to postpone the March elections, but under the threat of resignation by the three military men brought into the cabinet last fall to placate Chile's seething private sector, he knuckled under and appointed *another* member of the military, this time to insure a more equitable distribution of food and commodities. March 4 will tell.

■ The Xerox Corporation is sponsoring a series of gentle and excellent historical sketches for television by Alistair Cooke, titled *America*. It would like to sponsor the series again next fall, at an hour early enough so that children can see them and learn something more about American history. It would like to, but it cannot. The reason is that the Applicable Federal Bureaucracy has an Applicable Rule agin it—a true universal. Specifically, the Federal Communications Commission has something called the "primetime access rule" which prohibits reruns of former network shows, or shows of former networks, or something, during "access" (pre-primetime) hours, with the consequence that children can go on watching the dull quiz shows during those hours instead of watching Alistair Cooke's *America*.

■ What's a poor apparatchik to do? Standards are crumbling over there, too. First it was lapsed atheists, then drugs, and before you could say Vanya Robinovitch



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yoga, soccer, and contract bridge were all the rage in the USSR. Yoga and bridge-playing are downright decadent, but the worst by far is ladies' soccer, which provokes "unwholesome excitement." And so soccer has been banned in the Soviet Union; yoga and bridge, though proscribed in public places, may be practiced in private between consenting adults.

■ America has a new Cinderella. Alongside Grace Kelly and Hope Cooke, add the name of Wyn Sargent, an anthropologist who has been doing field research on the sexual behavior of aboriginal tribes in West Irian (Indonesia) for the past few months. Somewhere in the course of this activity the Huntington Beach, Calif. divorcee fell in love with a local Prince Charming (if there's an ounce of Romance left in your heart, do not speculate that it was an excess of scholarly zeal), one Chief Obaharok, and married him in a tribal ceremony, the deal reportedly being clinched by her rather queenly dowry for him of eleven pigs and five headdresses. Thus does another American ascend to royalty, and eat your hearts out, editors of *Ms.* Chief-wife Obaharok has begun her reign by adopting native dress, which consists of a piece of banana-tree bark here and there. This doesn't bother us at all, and it isn't causing much of a stir back in Huntington Beach, Calif. (where such attire, while uncommon, is by no means unheard of), but it is infuriating the Indonesian authorities, because they have been trying to "civilize" the natives and get them dressed, which is a pretty stuffy thing to do to people, especially newlyweds.

## Let the Record Show . . .

Henry Kissinger's January 24 briefing on the ceasefire agreement was not delivered in the utopian mode. "It is not easy," he reminded the newsmen and the rest of us, "to achieve through negotiations what had not been achieved on the battlefield. And if you look at the settlements that have been made in the postwar period, the lines of demarcation have always, almost always, followed the lines of actual control." "A war that has lasted for ten years," he recognized, "will leave many elements that cannot be completely satisfactory to all the parties concerned. [The] stability [of an ensuing peace] depend[s] on the relative satisfaction and therefore the relative dissatisfaction of all the parties concerned. And therefore it is also clear that whether this agreement brings lasting peace or not depends not only on the agreement's provisions but also on the spirit in which it is implemented." He suggested with foresight quickly confirmed: "Of course, it is not inconceivable that the agreement will not in all respects be lived up to. In that case, adding another clause that will not be lived up to . . . would not change the situation."

James Burnham (see p. 177) discusses some of the specific reasons for believing it is not only "not inconceivable" but most unlikely that the agreement will be lived up to in all respects, and explains why it is not,

in fact, an agreement to end the war and make a lasting peace in Indochina. If the letter and spirit of the agreement are violated in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, and conflict at one or another level of ferocity continues, as is probable, we shall be hearing more and more pervasively an assertion that is already making the rounds of the media, which find it much to their taste: that "Nixon's agreement" is just what the anti-war crowd advocated all along, so that all the death and destruction of the past four years were pointless, therefore a moral monstrosity; the doves are "vindicated."

To guard against bemusement from the constant reiteration we may expect of this theme, let us set down the bare bones of the comparative record:

### *What the doves proposed:*

A. The essential proposal of the doves was for an unconditional U.S. pullout. This proposal was often accompanied by a vague reference to "assuring return of our POWs." But in recent years, and conspicuously in George McGovern's formulations, even the return of the POWs was not made a necessary condition of withdrawal. McGovern, and most other doves before and along with him, insisted that, once we set a firm date for getting out, there would be no difficulty from Hanoi about letting the POWs leave.

B. The doves not only wanted no provision for Thieu and his government to continue in office, but, many of them, proposed that Thieu should be (as Hanoi demanded) forced out.

C. The doves proposed acceptance of Hanoi's demand that a three-element coalition (Vietcong, neutralists, Saigon people minus Thieu) should be substituted for the Thieu government.

D. The doves attacked and ridiculed Vietnamization as a useless waste of money.

E. The doves, at the end, proposed not only that we pull out, but that we bring back our military hardware, and decline to offer any supplies in the future to the Thieu government.

### *What Nixon got:*

A. Prompt return of the POWs is contractually—and

## I Remember LBJ

Not for the civil rights  
Follies of '64;  
Not for the "Head Starts," and  
Not for the Teacher Corps;  
Not for the Voting Rights  
Or Immigration Acts;  
Not for the homilies,  
Sayings, and Sunday tracts.  
I shall remember him  
Helping the Vietnamese  
As he defended his  
Flanks from the Kennedys.

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Once upon a time statistics were known as "political arithmetic." The term certainly fits the statistics of international trade. On Capitol Hill old friends of AFL-CIO President George Meany, and in the White House new friends of Meany, are preparing to use the statistics about the 1972 foreign-trade deficit to spur passage of protectionist measures. The figures are clear enough. In 1971 the U.S. ran a trade deficit—the first in this century—of \$2 billion. In 1972 it soared to \$6.4 billion. What the statistics reveal about the U.S. economy and about the world is not clear and may not be important. What is important is the use of the raw data by congressmen anxious to protect the local textile mill from wily Oriental traders, or by senators anxious to protect their dairy farmers from Danish cheese aggression.

■ Was William D. Ruckelshaus, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, sending up a clutch of trial balloons? His speech to the Highway Research Board in Washington was little noted, but it may have contained some ideas that will appear soon as legislative proposals. According to Ruckelshaus, the nation's air and balance of payments suffer because American cars are too heavy and too full of gadgets. In hot weather air conditioning cuts gas mileage 20 per cent. Other "power options" can cut it another 20 per cent. If the average weight of cars were only 2,500 pounds we could reduce gas consumption to the level required to meet federal air-quality standards by 1975. The reduced consumption would allow us to reduce crude-oil imports nearly 800 million barrels per year by 1985 and, consequently, would involve a \$2.3-billion annual balance-of-payments savings.

■ Robert H. Bork, 45, Yale law professor and President Nixon's nominee

for Solicitor General, told the Senate Judiciary Committee that he was wrong to write in 1963 that the public accommodations sections of proposed civil-rights bills were based on "a principle of unsurpassed ugliness." At the time he felt the sections involved unwarranted government interference with the right of the individual to act on his racial preferences. Now, Bork says, he thinks the laws have worked well. Bork is a strong supporter of the Administration's antibusing legislation. In an article in the December 1971 *Fortune*, Bork wrote: "We have . . . damaged law, and created disrespect for it, through our failure to observe the distinction, essential to a democracy, between judges and legislators. The era of the Warren Court was, in my opinion, deeply harmful to the prestige of law. . . . Implicit in the idea of judge-made constitutional law are the ideals of adherence to general rules, of consistency, and of intellectual rigor. These were qualities in short supply on the Warren Court's record. If that Court did indeed inspire the young, it taught them to confuse the desirability of ends with the legitimacy of means, perhaps to confuse the idea of law and the fact of power." Bork's article may become required reading if President Nixon has another opportunity to nominate a Supreme Court Justice.

■ A U.S. district court has ruled that the District of Columbia and the Federal Government are not responsible for property damages resulting from the twelve days of rioting that engulfed Washington after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King in April 1968. Thirty insurance companies had argued that the government tried to cope with the riots on a "political" as opposed to "operational" basis and that this produced "delay in sending in police and troops" and "failure to assign forces properly." According to the companies, this "negligence" amounted to "taking property for public use without just

compensation" and a denial of the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The Court ruled that riot control is a matter of executive "discretion" and that "policy considerations" which are "governmental or political pervade every phase of planning and execution of a riot-control program." The court said the companies could have claimed compensation if they had shown that the presence of the troops and police, rather than the way they were used, "increased" the damage or danger to property.

■ Eleven senators, all Democrats, voted against confirmation of Texan William P. Clements as Deputy Secretary of Defense. Senator Harold Hughes of Iowa led the group, complaining about Clements' views on the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam (Clements said it was not his decision to make) and nuclear "superiority" (Clements said he thought the U.S. should have it). Hughes also complained that Clements had not told the Senate he held \$171,000 of stock in a Dallas bank that is involved in financing LTV, which is building the A-7 airplane. (Clements is selling the stock.) The eleven senators included eight familiar doves, two newcomers (James Abourezk of South Dakota and William Hathaway of Maine), and Majority Whip Robert Byrd.

■ Those who deplore anything that makes it easier for the government to act should deplore the fact that Dr. Frank Ryan left football. Ryan, a mathematician and former quarterback for the Cleveland Browns, designed the new \$1-million computerized voting system for the House of Representatives. Under the old system it took 35 to 40 minutes to tally the votes of the members. Now it will take 15 minutes. Thus is mischief made easier.

—CATO

unambiguously—guaranteed in the Nixon agreement, correlated integrally with the pullout of U.S. troops.

B. Hanoi was forced to drop its demand, repeated for years as indispensable to a ceasefire, for Thieu's ouster. Thieu is the prime factor in South Vietnam's increased political cohesion, strength, and independence, and has been a loyal and courageous ally. To have ditched him on the enemy's demand would have been basely dishonorable, and would have been read by all the world as a sign of weakness and loss of nerve.

C. Under the Nixon agreement the government of Saigon remains intact and functioning in Saigon. The three-element coalition is shunted to an ambiguous status, as an electoral commission, from which it will cause much trouble. But the Saigon government still stands.

D. The proof of the final success of Vietnamization can come only after the completion of U.S. withdrawal, but it is certain that under the Vietnamization program, South Vietnam is today much stronger in every

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dimension than ever before in its history. It would be still stronger if the U.S. had been willing to supply weapons with a greater offensive and therefore deterrent power. But if the doves had had their way, South Vietnam would have been helpless on U.S. withdrawal. The mere fact of the passage of time has strengthened the existing independent structure of South Vietnam: South Vietnam has *endured*.

The greatest weakness in the Nixon agreement, as Thieu showed in detail during his interview with Oriana Fallaci, is the failure to get the North Vietnamese soldiers out of the South. But that is part of what Kissinger was talking about when remarking that "it is not easy to achieve through negotiations what had not been achieved on the battlefield."

Again we sum up the crucial difference: If the doves had had their way, South Vietnam, and the very considerable strategic interests the United States has in the survival of a non-Communist South Vietnam, would have been liquidated some while ago. Under the agreement, South Vietnam has a fighting chance.

## Counterrevolution

### 1. *The Inaugural: How To Read It*

A major address by Richard Nixon is a curious artifact: Almost invariably the rhetoric is banal, and the listener is tempted to conclude that this therefore is merely another highly forgettable political speech, something redolent of the rubber-chicken circuit. Yet, just as invariably, there is another side to these things. In his own way, Nixon does say what he means. When the banalities are unpacked, they often contain highly sophisticated departures. No one paid much attention, for example, to the phrases Nixon used at Miami in 1968 about China; and his slogan about moving from an era of confrontation to one of negotiation was generally written off as a conventional pious hope. Yet the first Nixon Administration did move in a new direction on China. And it in fact inaugurated a period of negotiation with our major adversaries. It is now plain that Nixon in 1968 had large new policy initiatives in mind.

In his second Inaugural address, Nixon provided the standard ration of utopianisms: "We stand on the threshold of a new era of peace," and "Let us build a structure of peace in which the weak are as safe as the strong." This is largely ceremonial stuff, though the word "structure" there has some referents in the real world. Also, the discerning recognize that a politician must present himself as "hopeful," or else why is he standing there? He can hardly present himself as "hopeless" after asking all those people to vote for him. But Nixon does not believe, and does not really expect his listeners to believe, that "the weak" are going to be "as safe as the strong." Behind that rhetoric is the

humbler, but by no means derisory prospect of a balance of power among the larger nations plus a series of trade-offs by the great powers where "the weak" are concerned.

Turning to domestic policy, Nixon chose to adumbrate his course by employing the vocabulary of an older individualism. "[A] new era of progress at home requires turning away from old policies that have failed," "away from condescending policies of paternalism—of Washington knows best." Nixon offered "no promise of a purely governmental solution to every problem. We have lived too long with that false premise. In trusting too much to government, we have asked of it more than it can deliver. This leads only to inflated expectations, to reduced individual effort, and to a disappointment and frustration that erode confidence both in what government can do and in what people can do."

Translation: A great many federal programs, and most notably an array of Great Society programs passed between 1964 and 1966, either were ill-conceived at the start or have outlived their usefulness. One example of the former would be the Community Action Program, a \$384-million item which was designed to concentrate a variety of antipoverty efforts within the local community. The evidence has long since been available that it hasn't worked. In varying degree, the same is true of Model Cities, Urban Renewal, and the Job Corps. Other programs have obsolesced. We now have surpluses of both teachers and hospital beds (no connection), and therefore federal programs to increase the numbers of both can be terminated.

Nixon must have much enjoyed his rhetorical abolition of the New Frontier: "Let each of us ask not just what will government do for me, but what can I do for myself?"

In the pattern of cuts and selected increases the cultivation of constituencies is also involved. Nixon was not elected by victims, real or fictitious, or by the horde of bureaucrats administering the programs to be cut. His constituency did not desire, on the whole, to expand the welfare state, but rather to hold down taxes. Yet Nixon must realize that any attempt to move as he proposes to do will inflame the other constituency. The people at OEO and HUD, assorted poverty bureaucrats, the education lobby, the counter-Pentagon over at HEW, the liberal press and its allies, will put on the heat. They will burn the phone wires and flood the corridors of Congress. And, therefore, Nixon's tactics for the protracted struggle ahead.

### II. *Bureaucracy and Budget*

Here is where the celebrated reorganization of the executive branch comes in. By concentrating as much authority as possible in his trio of supercrats in the White House, and by flooding the command posts in the bureaucracy with Nixon men, the President hopes

to achieve the modest goal of actually having orders obeyed. This in itself would be a genuine revolution for a Republican incumbent. Instead of the usual obfuscation, foot-dragging, damaging leaks to favored journalists, and, when necessary, outright mutiny, the reorganization is intended to establish some lines of control over the Leviathan.

The Nixon budget, submitted last week, gives the coup de grace to some one hundred programs, puts a tight lid on spending, and refuses to ask for a tax increase. Implicit is a challenge to Congress: If you insist on higher spending, it is your responsibility to recommend tax increases to cover it. Congress loves to do the former, but avoids the latter like the plague. And the White House, furthermore, is threatening to impound funds voted by Congress for purposes deemed undesirable or irresponsible.

It looks like a well-conceived and tough-minded strategy for clearing away the detritus accumulated during a generation of domestic illusion. Whether it will succeed or not is, as they say, another question.

## The Death of Pluralism?

In his famous and influential book *We Hold These Truths*, the late John Courtney Murray argued that American society and Catholic principle were perfectly compatible. Indeed, he went further than that. The Founders had believed in traditional Natural Law doctrine, he pointed out, and so, lo and behold, did modern Catholics, who, on that account, were much more in harmony with the Founders than were modern utilitarians, positivists, secularists, and whatnot.

---

### Carbon Copy to Ian Smith

*The British government proposed preferential treatment today for white immigrants from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand over nonwhites seeking to enter Britain from other Commonwealth countries in Asia, Africa, and the West Indies.*  
—N.Y. Times

'E approached the bloomin' consul  
Like 'e thought it was routine;  
There's a passport in 'is pocket  
With the motto of the Queen.  
'E's a citizen of Blighty  
And 'e's achin' ter go 'ome,  
But the bloody consul tells 'im:  
"You don't use a pocket comb."  
Now 'e's 'oldin' out in Kenya  
Where they call 'im "parasite,"  
'Cause the woman up at Windsor  
Says 'is grandpa wasn't white.

W. H. VON DREELE

Father Murray to be sure saw one cloud on the horizon. The regnant interpretation of the First Amendment, he noted, seemed to preclude relief for the financial problems of the parochial schools. But Father Murray was inclined to make light of this. Good sense and equity would surely prevail, he thought. And, indeed, if the issue had been resolved by the political process rather than by the courts there is every indication that Murray would have been proved correct on the school issue.

Now, once again, the Court has stepped in to short-circuit the political process, ruling by a vote of 7 to 2 that every woman in the U.S. has the right to have an abortion during the first six months of pregnancy. In the majority opinion, written by Justice Blackmun, it is held that a fetus for the first six months is not a person under the Constitution, and therefore has no legal right to life. When the fetus has developed to the point where it would have a chance to survive on its own, its status changes. Blackmun places that point in the seventh month, at which time the state may regulate abortion.

For what it is worth intellectually, the majority opinion is grounded in the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment—the uses of which are ever-expanding—from which Blackmun inferred a "right to privacy" which includes the right to abortion. Blackmun also observed that during the first three months abortion is at least as safe as childbirth (he meant, of course, for the mother).

One of the litigants in the case, "Mary Doe," who bore an unwanted child two years ago, put him up for adoption at that time, and he immediately found a home. The other litigant, "Jane Roe," has also put her illegitimate son up for adoption. The practical meaning of the Court's decision is that when a mother does not wish to bear a child the fetus will end up in a hospital disposal can. Far fewer children will be available for the homes that otherwise would await them.

But the abortion issue could also have far-reaching political consequences. Though a minority in America, Catholics are a large minority. The alienation of many Catholics—and also, of course, anti-abortion Protestants and Jews—from the larger society is likely to be profound. Tax-supported public clinics and hospitals will now be performing abortions on a mass basis. Can those who regard abortion as a crime, or even as equivalent to murder, contribute to the support of such facilities with their taxes? For some, the answer will obviously be no. Still others no doubt will try to reverse the decision by means of a constitutional amendment, or by legislative steps, and a variety of moves to that end are already under way. An undeterminable number may choose some form of "internal emigration," remaining in but now much less of American society, and caring less about its fate. It is to be expected that individual reactions will vary in scope and intensity, but the abortion decision cannot but have a fragmenting and therefore weakening effect on American society.

The political process as embodied in state legislatures

and in the Congress normally functions to reconcile contending interests. It is a bargaining process, trading off this for that, and seeking common ground, however imperfect. When the Court has attempted to solve intricate problems by appealing to alleged absolutes, positing rights, and so on, the effect has almost always been divisive. The abortion decision promises to be no exception.

It would now appear that Father Murray's conception of a reconciling pluralism underestimated the power and the aggressiveness of secularism and positivism in American life, though they are apparently much more powerful in their legal momentum than in the actual American culture. Instead of Father Murray's pluralism and broad agreement, then, the abortion decision foreshadows more fragmentation and philosophical confusion.

## Phantom Mandate

The liberal Democratic leadership in Congress, echoed by its supporters in the media, has been huffing and puffing about the "mandate" it received in the last election, a mandate, it suggests, to mount a campaign of liberal opposition to the policies of the Nixon Administration. The Vietnam war was therefore to be ended on almost any terms. Nixon's intention to cut back on various federal programs should be stoutly resisted.

Nonsense, says columnist Kevin Phillips: The election provided no such congressional mandate. "In the last election, it happens that Senate candidates supporting President Nixon won well over half the national Senate vote, candidates openly supporting the national Democratic Party won about 40 per cent of the vote, and Democratic Senate candidates . . . who either covertly supported Nixon or refused to support McGovern won more than 5 per cent of the ballots. . . . Switch the anti-McGovern Southern Democratic conservatives to the GOP side, and Mike Mansfield wouldn't be the Majority Leader any more." In the House of Representatives, "it is absolutely clear that Republican candidates openly supporting Nixon and conservative Southern Democrats quietly doing so won a majority of the national vote for Congress." Furthermore, "There are fifty Southerners in the House of Representatives who: 1) never give more than lip service—if even that—to Democratic presidential nominees; 2) vote as conservatives much more in tune with the national Republican Party than with the national Democratic Party."

"Congressional Democrats," says Phillips, "ought to remember what they were doing in the autumn. They were running around talking about how many bridges, defense contracts, and post offices they got for their districts. They were talking about how they could work with Richard Nixon and some of them even used complimentary letters they had received from him as reelection advertisements. Were they talking ideology? No. Were they running as big liberals? No. Were they opposing White House plans for drastic cutbacks in government spending? No. Were they supporting George McGovern? No. They were saying George Who? . . . So the



"No calls, Pat. After a long day of winding down the war, I just want to unwind in peace."

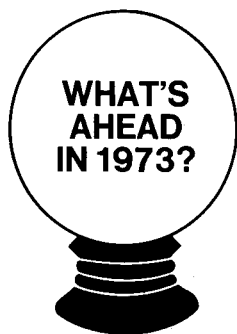
majority of Congress got a mandate to either support the President, vote as conservatives, go on bringing home defense contracts, or just being nice guys."

But the liberals who speak for the Democratic Party in Congress are insisting on treating the entire Democratic congressional vote as a mandate for the liberal minority faction. Almost as if George McGovern had won. But the White House, as Phillips observes, is not losing much sleep over the outcome of the collision if the liberals really want to do battle.

## Leviathan's Diet

The Administration's budget proposals for fiscal 1974 are a little like the fat lady who, having saved some calories at lunch, figures she deserves an extra portion of dessert. There are a hundred admirable cuts in ineffective and unnecessary programs, including administrative reforms and higher charges for Medicare (\$1.6 billion), the dismantling of LBJ's Community Action program (\$328 million), a reduction of farm subsidies (\$1.2 billion), the elimination of emergency public employment (\$670 million), and the phasing out of Model Cities and urban renewal (\$745 million by 1975). But the cost of income-security programs will rise by \$6.1 billion, health programs by \$3.7 billion, college scholarships by \$1 billion, environmental protection by \$1 billion, and interest on the national debt by \$1.9 billion.

The net result is a \$19-billion increase, hardly the drastic parsimony implied by Nixon's critics. True, defense spending is scheduled to rise by some \$4.2 billion, despite substantial force reductions (55,000 fewer military personnel, 56 fewer ships, two fewer bomber squadrons, etc.). This is because of price inflation and



# Will You be \$500 Richer as our PROPHET OF THE YEAR

Here we go again, with a chance for you to play prophet—and win \$500 (first prize), or \$300 (second prize), or perhaps “only” \$200 (third prize), or would you turn up your nose at one of two \$100 runner-up prizes?

ALL YOU NEED DO is mark each statement on the entry form “True” or “False,” fill in the rest of the form, and watch the headlines to see how you make out.

ENTER NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 6, 1973, to be eligible. The form below, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. One entry only per contestant.

Winners will be named as soon after December 31, 1973, as entries can be graded. Judges are the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

CONTESTANT'S NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

I have marked the questionnaire according to the directions, as my entry in the 1973 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest, with the following instructions:

☐ Please enter my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, or extend my existing subscription for one year at the regular \$12 rate.

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to:

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ I enclose \$12 ☐ Please bill me

NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 E. 35 St., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



TIE-BREAKING QUESTION:



The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1973 was \_\_\_\_\_

(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity or confusion, the decision of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW will be final.)

QUESTIONS for 1973 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest. Assuming that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1973 and that the date is December 31, 1973, mark each of them “True” or “False” by placing an X in the proper box:

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | T                        | F                        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. John Connally has a post with Cabinet rank in the Nixon Administration.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. At least one of the following was married: Ethel Kennedy; Princess Anne; Coretta King.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. At least one of the following was either married or served in a paternity suit: Johnny Bench; Ralph Nader; Henry Kissinger; Burt Reynolds; Hugh Hefner.                                                                                                                                                                                          | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. The deficit in the federal budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1973 was less than \$25 billion.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Howard Hughes either was proved dead or made a public appearance.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Nguyen Van Thieu is President of South Vietnam and officially resident in Saigon.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. An earthquake of an intensity of at least 4 on the Richter scale occurred in at least one of the following: California; Japan; Alaska.                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Daniel Ellsberg was convicted by a trial jury on at least one count.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. The 1976 Winter Olympics are scheduled to take place within the United States.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. A motion to impeach President Nixon was introduced in the House of Representatives.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 11. Construction started on the trans-Alaska pipeline.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12. At least one non-Communist European or South American government broke off diplomatic relations with the United States.                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 13. At least one of the following is true: a) The Los Angeles Lakers won the National Basketball Association championship; b) the Oakland Athletics won the baseball World Series; c) the Boston Bruins won the Stanley Cup.                                                                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 14. At least one of the following was re-elected mayor: John V. Lindsay; Sam Yorty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 15. New York state's abortion law was amended or repealed.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 16. The United States extended diplomatic recognition to at least one of the following: the People's Republic of China; Cuba; the German Democratic Republic.                                                                                                                                                                                       | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 17. Jonathan Livingston Seagull was on the New York Times Best-Seller list as of July 1.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 18. At least one of the following has ended his former chief occupation: Walter Cronkite (CBS anchorman); Joe Namath (football); Thurgood Marshall (Supreme Court Justice).                                                                                                                                                                         | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 19. The United States unemployment rate at the end of the year was above 5 per cent.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 20. At least one of the following was assassinated: Idi Amin; Salvador Allende; Richard Nixon; Golda Meir; John Connally; Fidel Castro; Anwar el-Sadat.                                                                                                                                                                                             | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 21. United States Air Force pilots or Navy pilots or both carried out combat strikes in Indochina during the second half of 1973.                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 22. At least two of the following are true: a) Dr. Christiaan Barnard is no longer a resident of South Africa; b) Pierre Trudeau is out of office; c) Constantine is back on the Greek throne; d) Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is no longer a resident of the Soviet Union; e) Edward Heath is no longer British Prime Minister; f) Mao Tse-tung is dead. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 23. Nude pictures of a first lady from either a Common Market country, a Communist country, or North America were published in an Italian magazine.                                                                                                                                                                                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 24. Henry Kissinger is working full-time from a White House office as chief national security adviser to President Nixon.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 25. A Soviet astronaut walked on the moon.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

the costs associated with an all-volunteer army: In constant dollars the 1974 defense budget is virtually identical to that of 1964, though about 55 per cent now goes to personnel costs compared with 43 per cent a decade ago (when we had 452,000 more active military personnel than we have now). All that talk about "fattening the defense establishment" must, therefore, be understood as an objection to decent wages and living conditions for U.S. servicemen.

The President has made a bold beginning at getting good value for the taxpayer's dollar. Ultimately, however, only Congress is really in a position to eliminate ineffective programs. This year will be a fascinating test of the proposition that bureaucrats and special-interest profiteers pull more weight in Congress than do the tax-poor citizens.

## Lyndon B. Johnson, RIP

Soon after the death of a national figure, and especially a President, people are usually kind; yet Lyndon B. Johnson seems likely to go down in the history of the modern Presidency as a disaster of huge proportions, the political equivalent of the Chicago fire or the Lisbon earthquake. Indeed, the scale of his ineptitude is little short of awe-inspiring, to be contemplated with an appropriate hush, and the lingering effects of his Presidency will take a generation to undo, if, indeed, they can ever be fully undone. He bungled the war, he traumatized the economy, and, when he was not applying himself to those tasks, he proliferated, with a kind of mindless enthusiasm, an array of federal programs beyond the capacity of the government to fund, evaluate, or properly administer.

In Vietnam, he involved the nation in a war without any clear design of winning it, or even any coherent plan for getting out of it. His attitude toward the economy was equally irresponsible. Though in late 1965 he knew what the war would cost as a result of the escalation, he kept the projections secret, fearing to request the tax increase called for, but at the same time refusing to curtail domestic spending, a combination of decisions which precipitated the severe inflation of the past seven years. Fundamentally incoherent as a political thinker, and unable to face hard choices, Johnson thought he could somehow reconcile the irreconcilable, fight the war, pump billions into the Great Society programs, not have a tax hike, not have inflation, and keep everyone loving him through it all. He was wrong all the way, blundering abroad and bungling at home.

Much has been said about his accomplishments in race relations, and his instincts there may indeed have been generous ones; but there, too, one has the impression of absence of mind, of rhetoric cum sentimentality. In his most recent public utterances on the subject, for example, not long before his death, Johnson had swung to the full "compensatory discrimination" position. Be-

cause of past discrimination, he thought, Negroes should now receive not equal but preferential treatment. To be sure, this is a position loaded with potentiality for disaster, both social and political, but Johnson had no sense of this, did not sense it any more than he sensed the disastrous potential of his other policies.

Somewhere, Edmund Burke, in a curious phrase, remarks that there is "a lot of ruin" in a nation. He meant that if a nation has lasted a long while, and if its institutions are relatively wise ones, it can survive a series of ruinous errors on the part of its leaders. Lyndon Johnson put that proposition to the acid test, of which the final results aren't yet in.

## Notes & Asides

### ■ Chairman Bill:

I much admire your taking a position on the pot question, especially considering the financial insecurity of *NR* and the likely loss of subscribers thereby. We have noticed, however, that your hair has been getting a bit long of late and hope your pot position is merely a reflection of right reason and not a foretaste of some sort of general Reichian "greening." Keep the Faith,

Davis Keeler  
Menlo Park, Calif.

### ■ Happy New Year to you William Buckley Jr., Sir!

In re: Your article in this morning's *Enquirer* on the so-called Rev. Mr. Abernathy, in which you twice refer to this character as Dr. Abernathy—who bestowed a doctorate on this man? I weary of hearing this man referred to as *Dr.* Abernathy. Were I to call myself Madam Prime Minister of Vorarlberg or Croatia or Serbia or Montenegro would that constitute prima facie evidence that I am, indeed, Madam Prime Minister of this or that formerly Austrian province? It's bad enough when others do it; but you are the all-knowing William Buckley Jr.! You know this fellow is no *doctor* of anything! *Pulease!* And Serbia and Montenegro are not former provinces of Austria.

Helen Bohn  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*The Reverend Ralph Abernathy received an LL.D. from Allen College, South Carolina, in 1960.* —WFB

### ■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I just read in a news article that *Firing Line* is to be cut from the 1973 PBS season. What's going on? Quick—tell me who to write. I have begun plans to write in

protest to everyone that could have any possible influence in this matter. The news article said something about Mr. Nixon being concerned about the "Eastern liberal establishment" viewpoint in PBS broadcasting—and your show is being cut! How does that make any sense? They say Mr. Nixon is punishing you for criticizing his China trip. The news article seemed to indicate that you were cut because of a power struggle between the PBS and the CPB. What does one do with bureaucrats? Put up a fight, Mr. Buckley! I intend to. Sincerely,

Charles Daniels Jr.  
Atlanta, Ga.

*Dear Mr. Daniels: Briefly, 1) The Corporation for Public Broadcasting hasn't yet axed Firing Line, but failed to renew the option that expired on Jan. 1. The axe is supposed to fall in February, not only for FL, but for other public-affairs programs. 2) You can't cut the support for one program (unless it is certifiably awful), without cutting the support for others in the same category—such is the reasoning of the Corporation. 3) There is no reason whatever to suppose that Firing Line has been hit by White House petulance. 4) No. FL is not the victim of a power struggle between the Corporation and the Public Broadcasting System. 5) One prays for them. 6) FL has given to SECA (the Southern Educational Communications Association) a sixty-day option to pick up backing for FL. If SECA fails, FL will return to syndication in April. Thanks for your inquiry. —WFB*

■ Is it true that you gave orders to your editors that the AMERICAN PARTY ticket was not to be mentioned throughout the campaign, in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW? If so how much did it monetarily profit you personally?  
Anon.

*Dear Anon: No, it isn't true. I have only given one order to the editors, see below.*

MEMORANDUM

December 18, 1972

TO: Priscilla, JB, Jeff, Linda, Kevin, Alan, Joe, Pat, Carol, Chris, Barbara, and George Will  
FROM: WFB

Two things. We are suffering at NR from an epidemic of exclamationitis. Two issues ago, in the review of Garry Wills' book, I was quite certain that Will Herberg would succumb from it, before finishing the review. It is a dreadful way to go. In the current issue, Mrs. Nena Ossa concludes her interesting essay on Chile, "That would be the moment to pack and leave!" "That would be the moment to pack and leave." I submit is a much tenser way of suggesting that that would be the moment to pack and leave. A few pages later, Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, discussing the economic situation in Spain, remarks that "it is significant that workers who had gone abroad are now coming back in large numbers because

wages (for the skilled!) have become quite attractive." Why !? (or, if you prefer, Why?!). The reader had nowhere been led to believe that Erik had constructed his argument in order to mock the superstition that unskilled wages were attractive in Spain. So why? I ASK YOU, WHY!

The other thing. A ukase. Un-negotiable. The only one I have issued in seventeen years. It goes: "John went to the store and bought some apples, oranges, and bananas." NOT: "John went to the store and bought some apples, oranges and bananas." I am told NATIONAL REVIEW's Style Book stipulates the omission of the second comma. My comment: NATIONAL REVIEW's Style Book *used* to stipulate the omission of the second comma. NATIONAL REVIEW's Style Book, effective immediately, makes the omission of the second comma a capital offense!

MEMO TO: WFB

FROM: PLB

Dec. 20

Lest you think there is insubordination in the ranks when you see the current mag (Jan. 5) and the next (Jan. 19) your Stakhanovite cohorts in Editorial had already sent up the Books and Arts & Manners sections of the Jan. 19 magazine by the time they received the Memo on serial commas and, rather than raise the, sleeping, dragons, of, the, Finance, Committee, for unnecessary Author's Alterations, have suspended the decreed change until the issue of Feb. 2, which, will, look, roughly, like, this.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I hate to admit it. But I have a subversive cat.

Six times in the last two weeks, Dog (what else would one name a cat?) has jumped into my bookcase and knocked my copy of *Inveighing We Will Go* to the floor. No other book has she favored with her attentions more than once.

I've even tried moving the book to another shelf and to another bookcase. All to no avail. She always finds it and shoves it to the floor.

What, pray tell, does one do with a leftwing cat? Sincerely,

Thomas C. White  
Washington, D.C.

*One buys extra copies of Inveighing to keep cat occupied. —WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Are you serious? ["On the Right," Dec. 26] Surely the opposite of *naked force* is an *iron hand in a velvet glove*. Or at least so I have always supposed in my literalness. Sincerely yours,

Lucy B. Johnson  
Old Greenwich, Conn.

*Dear Mrs. Johnson: It isn't fair to look it up in a Dictionary of Antonyms. —WFB*

## The Passions Cool

AT ABOUT NOON January 24, while the plane bearing Lyndon Johnson's body was heading toward Washington, Henry Kissinger was explaining the Vietnam truce to the press: "We have here several issues: One, is there such a thing as South Vietnam even temporarily until unification; secondly, who is the legitimate ruler of South Vietnam. This is what the civil war has been all about. . . ."

The President who sacrificed everything for the principle that the Vietnam conflict was aggression, not civil war, did not share his successor's interest in foreign policy. FDR was Johnson's patron and idol and in 1965-66, 25 years after Congress stalemated the New Deal, Johnson used a temporary congressional imbalance to give the New Deal a last gasp as the Great Society.

But the last President born in frontier conditions was almost certainly the last President to share the old, easy faith in the competence of the central government. His casket was borne east up Constitution Avenue through the bureaucratic heartland of a government made apprehensive by President Nixon's tough Inaugural talk about "trusting too much to government," and obsessed by the certain translation of that sentiment into cruel numbers in the impending austerity (\$267.8-billion) budget.

It is said of Johnson that no man ever was more persuasive in a small group. Certainly no President ever failed so disastrously to persuade this "extensive Republic."

True, he had some grand public moments. Once, when out rallying support for the public accommodations provisions of civil-rights legislation, he grabbed a bullhorn and roared at a crowd, "A man has a right not to be insulted in public in front of his children." No one ever put it better than the first Southerner elected President

## Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

since the Civil War. But that style—bullhorns, roared exhortations—was not adequate for the long haul of a contemporary Administration.

Johnson's predecessor tried to reduce politics to the art of manipulating modern communications techniques. He failed, of course, but he whetted the public's appetite for a persuasive President. Mr. Nixon is doing his damndest to dampen that appetite. He knows his predecessor talked too much and persuaded too little.

Johnson's career came unglued because he was all talk and no rhetoric. When Majority Leader Johnson finished shaping the Senate to his skills it was no longer a place where serious rhetoric—the art of public persuasion—was highly valued. Johnson knew he was a broker, not a rhetorician.

Brokers can dispense subsidies. Johnson learned that a broker cannot summon awful sacrifices; Presidents have to be persuasive about war. His successor has liquidated the war, and thereby diminished his need for communication with the general public. In less than four years we will learn whether years of unrhetoical Presidents have left the public hungering for a man who uses words to persuade.

The Johnson years saw a surfeit of words as weapons. Unhappy is a nation whose history can be summed up in slogans and catchphrases suitable for protest placards. America's postwar history has been that kind. "Who promoted Peress?" "We shall overcome." "Burn, baby, burn." "Hell, no, we won't go." By 1968 Johnson was "hunkered down," gasping for air beneath the sulphurous smog of weapon-words. In Washington on January 24 one could sense that the passion behind those words is spent. What will Americans be passionate about now? Who will coin the new catchphrase about the rights of Congress? "Free the Impounded Funds?"

In Washington on January 24 one knew that Johnson's kind of passion will not be seen in the White House again. Surely he was the last unsophisticated, elemental, nationalist President. His favorite music was "The Yellow Rose of Texas" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and he rendered his favorite declamation this way: "I have seen the

glory of art and architecture. I have seen the sunrise on Mont Blanc, but the most beautiful vision these eyes beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land." Once while flying in Air Force One with Australian Prime Minister Harold Holt, Johnson said: "I like to come out and look my prime ministers over." After the 1966 Manila Conference he said: "Developing regional pride is what this is all about. . . . It's like what Baltimore got from winning the World Series."

Today the White House talks to itself about foreign policy in terms of "linkage" and other mysteries, and the nation may be better off than it was under Johnson. But people forget that when he was inaugurated his breezy, brazen, nationalist's confidence suited the mood of the nation.

IN JANUARY 1965, the nation hit a peak of optimism. The Dallas tragedy had been surmounted, the specter of war had vanished with Goldwater, a durable "consensus" had been built by a man with a special, convincing compassion for blacks. Then in February mortar fire hit the U.S. barracks at Pleiku. U.S. planes crossed the 17th parallel. Massive escalation began in July. Watts burned in August.

On January 24 that all seemed distant.

At 11 P.M. the Capitol Building was bathed in light. Washington television stations were warning that people arriving at the Capitol to view Johnson's casket faced a two-hour wait in the freezing dampness. Forty thousand people had passed through the rotunda by 8 A.M., as many as had passed by President Eisenhower's casket four years ago. They came all through the night, entire families, cheerful but respectful, to show their temperate good will toward the first President to become so embattled that he could not travel freely around America. The long line moved slowly through the shadows cast by construction left over from Mr. Nixon's Inauguration, and up the Capitol steps where, in April 1968, Army machine guns were aimed out toward a rioting city. Watching the line one could sense that, at last, the nation had gone off the boil. □

# Peace, Peace, but Is It Peace?

THE PRESIDENT made a brave show of his announcement of "an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam and Southeast Asia." Five times Mr. Nixon repeated "peace with honor," and three times more it was "the right kind of peace."

It is the job of political leaders to make a brave show for their people, and on the same day Le Duc Tho was putting on his brave show for the North Vietnamese ("it is a very big victory"), while President Thieu in Saigon was doing his best for the people of South Vietnam. But it is the job of political analysts to try to figure out what is really happening and probably going to happen, whatever the political leaders may be saying.

Getting down, then, to that latter job, I must report that the text initialed January 22 by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho and signed January 27 in one way or another by representatives of "four parties" is not in truth "an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam and Southeast Asia," though it may have been desirable for Mr. Nixon to say so. Conceivably the agreement may turn out to be a step, and even a giant step, toward ending the war and bringing peace (I will leave "honor" aside, its meaning being difficult to specify in the circumstances), but the text as it stands does not encompass either objective. It is not a treaty of peace and does not end the war. So far as Southeast Asia is concerned, it is not even an armistice.

Essentially the agreement would be accurately entitled: A Protocol of American Military Disengagement from Vietnam. That is what President Nixon and his countrymen wanted, and that is what we have got. Our soldiers and POWs will be home in two months. On that the agreement looks pretty firm,

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

but not much else is either clear or firm.

Mr. Nixon indicated a while ago that out of a contribution of \$7.5 billion to the reconstruction of Vietnam, we will send \$2.5 billion to North Vietnam. Assuming approximately five hundred POWs—or hostages as they would more precisely be termed—this comes to \$5 million a head: an historical tops for ransom.

### *Incompetent, Irrelevant and Immaterial*

We may confidently predict that many provisions of the agreement will not work out. Some of them are obviously impossible from a technical standpoint. The international commission could not and did not assemble in Vietnam within the prescribed 24 hours after signing, much less start effective functioning. Nor, for that matter, will it ever function effectively. Its assigned task cannot be carried out by the specified 1,160 men, even if they had the wings of angels.

Other of the provisions are preposterous: e.g., "Immediately [sic] after the ceasefire, the two South Vietnamese parties will: Achieve national reconciliation and concord, end hatred and enmity . . . , insure the democratic liberties of the people . . ."; "The National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord [whose decisions must be unanimous] will organize the free [sic] and democratic [sic] general elections."

Still others are so ambiguous or so empty that no one will be able to distinguish between implementing and violating them. Who, for instance, is a "foreign troop" in Cambodia, Laos, or South Vietnam? Do the operations of the Pathet Lao and the Khmer Rouge involve activities of "foreign countries"? What happens if the National Council of Reconciliation etc. *can't* agree unanimously on the procedure and date for a general election? Where is the ceasefire line, for that matter?

The suggested precedents of Germany and Korea do not hold. In Germany in 1945 and Korea in 1951, the armistice line coincided with the military line—the power line. But in Vietnam and Indochina, the DMZ does not

mark an established power division. The maps of Indochina showing areas controlled by the Communists, and confirmed to their control by the agreement, look like the X-ray of a chest with metastasized cancer.

After all those exhausting hours dotting i's, Henry Kissinger still had to admit in his January 24 press briefing "that whether this agreement brings a lasting peace or not depends not only on its provisions but also on the spirit in which it is implemented." But we know the spirit in which Hanoi, at least, will implement it: in the spirit of achieving Communist rule over all Vietnam, and finally all Indochina. This is what Ho Chi Minh said in 1960 and what his followers say today.

"The Vietnam revolution," the international Communist organ, *Nouvelle Revue Internationale*, repeated last October as the Tho-Kissinger negotiations got under way, "is a phase of the international revolution." When the journalists asked Le Duc Tho if he expected "a lasting peace," he declared . . . I almost wrote, honorably . . . "I am a Communist, and according to Marxist-Leninist theories, so long as imperialism persists in the world there will still be wars."

It is likely that the overtly military sector of the protracted conflict in Vietnam will quiet down for a while, at least until the U.S. disengagement is completed and U.S. concern turns away from Southeast Asia. It is possible that a phase of subversion, psychological warfare, and terror might last some while before open military operations resume. But there is no prospect that Communist Hanoi will renounce its goal of taking power in South Vietnam, and there is no possibility that Hanoi could do so through a "free and democratic election."

The agreement, Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger tell us, brings peace to South Vietnam and gives the South Vietnamese people the chance to determine their own destiny freely and democratically. One thing and one thing only could make this come true: if the United States, the Soviet Union, and China jointly determined that it should be true. It becomes an interesting test of Mr. Nixon's hopes for his global troika. □

*The evidence keeps rolling in: School integration  
doesn't mean better academic performance by "disadvantaged" pupils.*

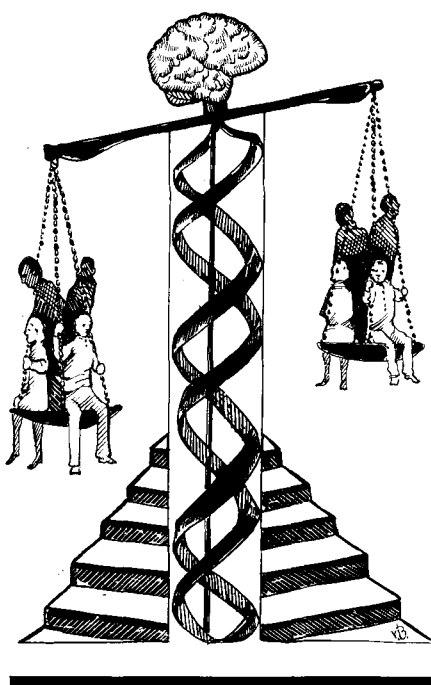
*The author examines the newest blockbuster—  
and criticizes its conclusions*

## The Tortured Search for the Cause of Inequality

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LESS THAN twenty years ago the Supreme Court brought about a revolution. *Brown v. Board of Education* overthrew the "separate but equal" doctrine of *Plessy v. Ferguson* to declare scholastic "segregation with the sanction of the law" humiliating and injurious to Negroes, and, by implication, responsible for their lower achievement. The decision was based on the finding of "modern science" that racially segregated schools are "inherently unequal." Subsequently courts compelled congregation, even where segregation never had "the sanction of the law," nor was deliberate, while the government tried to equalize further the educational opportunity of all groups through "compensatory" projects like Head Start. The cost, monetary and social, has been immense. But "modern science" warranted that scholastic opportunity could be equalized by these means and, therewith, achievement. The late Professor Edmond Cahn (who supported the legal finding of *Brown*) and I (who thought *Brown* went beyond law and evidence) were virtually alone in publicly questioning the evidence proffered by "modern science" and accepted by the Court.

The confidence of environmentalists ("modern science") was rudely shaken when the Coleman Report ("Equality of Educational Opportunity," 1966), mandated by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, unexpectedly found that the scholastic achievement of students is almost independent of the quality of the schools they attend, when quality is measured by such conventional yardsticks as expenditure per pupil, teacher-pupil ratio, library and laboratory facilities, teachers' salaries and degrees,



etc.; and that desegregation makes, at best, a negligible difference (others have since found that it doesn't help at all). In other words, unequal scholastic opportunity—segregated or otherwise—in no way accounts for unequal achievement. The family background of students determines academic achievement. The school does not.

Does it make no difference then whether schools are good or bad? Not quite. 1) Coleman's data show that what difference school quality makes is not—and cannot be—enough to offset differences in parental background (if the student body were homogeneous things might be different; and also if differences among public schools were greater than they are); 2) Coleman measured averages; schools may make

a difference in individual cases, offset by other individual cases; 3) Congress was interested in the differences in achievement produced by segregation and by differences in school quality measured by the conventional yardsticks mentioned. Coleman found none. But schools may still make a difference through qualities not measured by these yardsticks, qualities independent of expenditures, of teachers' degrees, or of the number of books in the library. The Coleman Report thus is easily reconciled with common sense. But not with the ideas cherished by the education lobby. Above all, not with the idea that what ails our schools is insufficient or unequal expenditure. (This myth is still accepted by the courts: Thus the recent *Serrano v. Priest* decision threatens to force California to equalize expenditures among school districts despite the now proven irrelevance of the present unequal expenditures to education.)

Coleman's explanation of his own results was vague and unsatisfactory. It was left to Arthur Jensen to draw together evidence indicating that the variance in the measurable intelligence of individuals is largely genetic (unchangeable by schooling or Head Start) and that it might explain differences in performance. Because groups tend to be endogamous, inheritance largely accounts for differences among groups too.<sup>1</sup> Richard Herrnstein incisively ap-

1. I have argued since 1956 (*v. NR*, December 1, 1964) that the inferior opportunity given blacks did not necessarily account for their inferior performance; if a man in a dark room cannot see, chances are that the darkness is the cause; but he also could be shortsighted or blind; in which case more light would not help. Jensen et al. have now shown that this logical possibility is an empirical actuality.

plied these data to social stratification, as did H. J. Eysenck (London). We have come a long way from bio-egalitarianism.

Coleman had stunned the environmentalists. Eysenck, Jensen, and Herrnstein, who had them literally sputtering, were made to suffer the indignities which nowadays are the fate of those who oppose prevailing fashion at Harvard or Berkeley, and wherever else leftist students are allowed to "protest." Faculties, for the most part, acted as German professors did when Nazi students bullied colleagues. However the cowardice of most German professors, though not admirable, was a response to real danger, while their American colleagues were worried only about their popularity. How would they act if defending the freedom of others could endanger their lives? Untenured coal miners seem more courageous and independent than most academics; perhaps sociologists someday will explain why.

### *Debunking the Myths*

In *Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America*, Christopher Jencks once more carefully probes the causes of inequality in America. He finds that 50 per cent of the variance in individual IQs is genetic but does not believe that black-white test score differences are. However, after finding with Coleman that scholastic success does not depend on school quality, Jencks adds bluntly that there is "no convincing evidence that racial desegregation affects students' eventual educational attainment"; or that parental income does: "Economic inequality is not one of the major causes of cognitive inequality in America." In turn, neither educational opportunity nor parental income does account for much of the inequality in the income of adults: "Men born into the upper middle class make 75 per cent more than men born into the lower class," but "the richest fifth of all men makes at least 650 per cent more than the poorest fifth." Finally, only "one family in a thousand gets more income from inheritance than earn-

ings." Thus neither inheritance of wealth nor "family background, cognitive skill [what has been learned in school], educational attainment [degrees], or occupational status explains most of the variance in men's incomes." Anyone who has studied sociology in the past fifty years—or read the *N.Y. Times* (edited by people who have)—would have done better to stay home. (I've long suspected as much.) Keep in mind once more however that Jencks deals with averages. In individual cases (which may offset each other) any or all of these factors still may account for the variance. But sociology deals with averages.

Jencks ably, honestly, and conclusively shows that the myths which constitute much of the social science taught in our schools are just that. Reluctantly, but candidly, he yields to the facts: inequality of opportunity, of schooling, of parental status or income does not (*not*) account for inequalities of income and achievement any more than segregation or inherited wealth: "There is nearly as much economic inequality among brothers raised in the same home as in the general population . . . inequality is recreated anew in each generation." If policies actually were based on the arguments used to justify them, busing for desegregation, redistricting, and re-financing for equality would now end. But policies are made by politicians (sometimes disguised as judges). They usually start where reason ends. Better return to Jencks.

*Inequality* is thorough, competent, lively, brilliantly argued, and lucidly written. Henceforth one cannot discuss inequality without coming to terms with Jencks's facts. There are many good ideas as well. E.g., Jencks recognizes that higher education should be entirely financed by loans which students could repay after graduation—an idea so remarkably correct that I advocated it in 1956 (in my *Education as Industry*). Still, Jencks remains a leveler and a socialist. (I am neither.) Wherefore, having had to cut egalitarianism from its Marxist moorings—class determines fate—he tries to bring it to port nevertheless.<sup>2</sup> But now he has to get his bearings from defective philosophical and economic instruments; therefore he remains at sea. Let's see just where. Jencks believes that 1) income

inequality has been increasing lately, and 2) there is, anyway, more inequality than is needed to maximize production, wherefore we could have less if people so desired, and 3) they should so desire for the sake of maximizing happiness.

### *Dollars or Per Cents?*

1. "The absolute<sup>3</sup> gap between the rich and the poor has increased between 1946 and 1968 . . . by \$3,000" because the income of the bottom quintile of the population increased by only \$1,000 while that of the top quintile increased by \$4,000. But "gapology" is a game which two can play. All depends on which gap one looks at. The top quintile in 1946 averaged \$15,300 according to Jencks, and experienced an increase of \$4,000, i.e., 26 per cent. The bottom quintile averaged \$1,650 in 1946, and experienced an increase of \$1,000, i.e., 67 per cent. The income of the bottom quintile increased by more than twice the percentage by which the income of the top quintile increased. Let the selection of the period go. (But note that from 1941 to 1950 the income of the bottom quintile increased by nearly five times as much as that of the top quintile, and from 1936 to 1950 by four times as much. Jencks also omits changes in public expenditures in kind which increase the income of the poor of the period—e.g., Medicare. Changes in age distribution and the creation of more "households" as children are enabled to separate from parents by higher incomes, also decrease the statistical, though not the real, income of the poor. The "gap" may be narrowed by 20 per cent if all the proper corrections are made.) Gapology anyone? While I am closing the gap, I can find no excuse for Jencks's use of dollar figures instead of percentages. Would he use dollar figures to measure the progression of income taxes? Or only when it suits his purpose?

2. Of the remaining income differences, far less is available for redistribution than Jencks allows himself to think. He used pre-tax incomes; but taxes take a higher proportion of the higher incomes. More saliently, most high income is invested and therefore unavailable for redistribution. A socialist society, however egalitarian, would

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Mr. van den Haag is the author of *Political Violence and Civil Disobedience*, recently reviewed in NR by Seymour Martin Lipset.

2. Marx was only three-fourths wrong: Class did limit careers in nineteenth-century Europe.

3. "Absolute" is here to confuse matters.

want to invest no less than do our rich even if through public rather than private channels. This means inescapable further power concentration and lower efficiency, but not less investment. Actually, then, the relevant inequality—that which can be equalized at least theoretically—is not of incomes, but of personal consumption expenditures. Had Jencks compared these he would have found that no reduction of the consumption of the top 20 per cent of the population could materially increase the consumption of the remaining 80 per cent. Equalization might decrease feelings of envy and guilt. But there is some doubt on that too: Envy seems greater within income groups than among them, and guilt feelings, though displaced onto income differences, do not originate with them. Income equalization actually would lead people to envy most the things they can do least about—e.g., beauty, intelligence, or youth—rather than income. Not much of an improvement, I'd say.

Rejecting the accepted myths, Jencks finds a major cause of income inequality in luck. "Chance governs all," Milton says, and poets even before Ecclesiastes suspected that "the race is not to the swift . . ." The poets are all too right. But scientists like Jencks must try to explain the unequal income of people who have been blessed by equal, basic "luck": people lucky enough to be alive and who have not suffered disabling accidents, defects, or diseases, people whom luck did not visibly and grossly disfavor (cripples) or favor (lottery winners). With respect to these people, Jencks's unanalyzed "luck" may mean that there is no causal relationship between input and outcome (so that input is irrelevant); or stand for an unknowable causal relationship, e.g., God's grace. But unless either of these possibilities is shown to be a probability, his "luck" is but a residual category: that which has not been satisfactorily explained. Most likely "luck" here refers in part to a set of abilities, as yet unknown, or unmeasured, which may cause some to earn more income than others. (Jencks half-recognizes as much but, in his argument, wholly forgets it.) These abilities—imagination? drive? initiative? talent? persistence? decisiveness? boldness? prudence? discretion?—may be scarce; their optimal combination scarcer still. Comparatively high earnings may be needed to draw (and keep) people with

these characteristics into the jobs in which they are most useful. Highly unequal incomes also may be needed to allocate jobholders to tasks and to ration their time: If the most talented (or successful) manager, movie actor, mechanic, or editor does not get much more for his services than the least skilled, talented, or successful, who would buy the services of the latter? And how do we allocate or ration the talented or successful?

Alternative allocative systems can be conceived, but I know of none that has been even remotely as efficient as the market system. The military or civil services are not renowned for efficiency precisely because they lack most of the allocative market incentives. (Kibbutzim and communes, when they work, do because they are socially and ideologically homogeneous and small; i.e., not reproducible by major societies even when totalitarian.) Jencks does not deal seriously with this matter. Or



with the role of the entrepreneur. The innovations that make us prosperous, from Henry Ford's to Polaroid or *Playboy*, do not come from people who hope for a small raise. Innovators give up the security of routine jobs to produce or market something new, to gamble for high stakes. Most lose. But some make it big. Would anyone gamble if he did not have that hope? To keep that hope alive the successful entrepreneur—and those who help him—must reap rewards far beyond Jencks's egalitarian criteria. Even if it were nothing but luck that decides who will succeed or fail, the high reward

is still needed, if enough people are to try. The price of equality is stagnation.

Jencks mentions the possibility, only to reject it out of hand (on the basis of an exceptionally silly survey), that high income earners may earn more than others because they are more interested in earnings: They maximize income rather than leisure or other pleasures. One man takes a month off, another works overtime or goes to night school to increase his earnings. Both men pursue happiness their own way and are free to do so. Should we compel people to distribute their time equally between leisure and work? Or pay them the same no matter how much they work, or what they accomplish?

3. Which takes us to justice and freedom. Unlike his fellow socialists, Jencks no longer believes that inequality of results is the product of unequal social opportunity. He realizes that equal opportunity and advancement according to merit produce unequal incomes. Wherefore he urges that this most American (and constitutional) of ideas be abandoned, for he wants equality of results, even if it can be achieved only by making opportunity unequal. After all, it is luck rather than merit that determines results, and luck has no moral weight. Beyond this assertion (which has already been questioned), Jencks makes no serious attempt to justify morally his brand of equality. He simply assumes that we are all agreed.

Yet, Aristotle held that a just or equal distribution makes the ratio of a man's share to his own value the same for all men. Surely Jencks's equality differs from Aristotle's. Shouldn't we be told why it is preferable? And if it is (morally) wrong for earnings to reflect the quality and quantity of the work of the earner, or its market value, or, perhaps, moral values other than equality, such as need, or moral desert, should we not be told why? Perhaps it is hard to determine morally why one should get more than another and how much more. It does not follow morally that people ought to earn about the same. If it is impossible to establish which punishments morally "fit" which crimes<sup>4</sup>, should all punishment be nearly the same—never mind whether the crime is murder or a joy ride? (It may be "luck," after all, which determines who commits what crimes.) If not, why

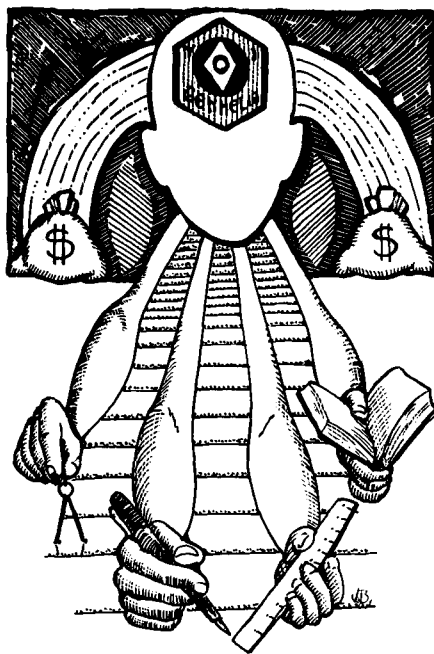
4. It is. Note that in punishments (as in rewards) there are extramoral factors involved too.

should the reward be nearly the same for all activities regardless of quantity and quality?

To be sure Jencks never actually advocates total equality—he even spares himself a definition of “equality.” He just urges “more” equality—without telling us how much more, or what the ideal degree would be, or why. Jencks achieves so much—particularly in dislodging myths produced by his colleagues—that I fear to be ungenerous in asking for more. Yet a moral premise must be morally justified if we are to take it seriously. He does not justify or even fully define his, apart from a vague commitment to Bentham’s utilitarianism, which helps not at all.

John Rawls, a Harvard colleague of Jencks’s and no less of an egalitarian, recently published *A Theory of Justice*, an intricate and magisterial work. (My admiration is not to be confused with assent.) Rawls recognizes that utilitarianism necessarily subordinates freedom (and justice) to happiness whenever they are in conflict, as they often are. His egalitarianism is limited by the priority he gives to freedom and justice. For the sake of this priority he rejects Bentham (in favor of a Kantian approach). In contrast, Jencks’s egalitarianism, admittedly Benthamite, is quite unrestrained. Freedom and justice have no independent status (if they have any); happiness and equality alone are to be maximized in unstated proportions.<sup>5</sup> Which leaves him in the company of that paradigm of unrestrained utilitarianism, the Grand Inquisitor. I doubt that Jencks feels comfortable in his company (Jencks is an American). Nonetheless, marching in that direction, how could he miss his legendary eminence? Dostoyevsky’s atheist at least addressed the human condition in toto (even if the silence of his divine antagonist is more convincing). But Jencks impatiently just flattens it.

While I have spoken of income differences, Jencks throughout his book speaks of “the distribution of income.” We refer to the same thing. But his expression may have helped Jencks to feel that he need not justify his brand of equality. As P. T. Bauer has pointed out, “income distribution” suggests a fixed stock of income which the government is to distribute and which (dis-



covered by luck?) is independent of the continuous work of those who earn it. Indeed Jencks feels that, since chance distributes income unequally, the government should be “. . . responsible . . . for its [more equal] distribution.” However, the government does not produce the income Jencks wants it to distribute. Nor does chance. The earners do. There is no stock of income to be distributed; only a flow produced by those who earn it. That much is certain (economically) even if one doubts (morally) that the earners deserve to get what they earn.

Now, the more capable may earn less if they cannot keep enough of their higher earnings, or they may vote out a (democratic) government which confiscates as much as Jencks would like. But he has a way around that. Taxation should not be used “as a major instrument of redistribution,” else people who “have received first the earnings to be taxed away may have formed a precise idea of what they really ‘deserve.’” Wherefore Jencks proposes that the government fix all wages (incomes?) so that people get more equal amounts than they would have earned on the market.

The naiveté is touching. I shall resist the temptation to offer the elementary course in economics and political philosophy called for. But I cannot refrain from pointing out that, if the government fixes all wages, and fixes them so that they are different from the market value of the services involved—there would be no point if they were

the same—the government would have to compel employers to hire those whose wages have been set above the market value of their work, for employers are not willing to pay more. The government would also have to prevent employers from bidding up the wages of those whose services have a market value above that set by fiat. In a market economy this is impossible.

### End Freedom?

The egalitarian wage-fixing Jencks advocates requires a socialist system with the government as exclusive employer. And people will have to be shorn of (excessive?) freedom as well as (excessive?) income if Jencks’s plan is to be realized. They have been wherever it has been; and they must be, for if they cannot sell and buy services freely for the price they agree on, individuals cannot be free—they are, at best, equally unfree. And unrich: this kind of socialism is so inefficient that it has been openly abandoned in Yugoslavia and elsewhere. Even where retained, it could not effectively achieve what Jencks wants. Realizing as much, the dictator of Uganda simply expelled the higher earners. They happen to be Indians there. Perhaps they will be Jews here, or Chinese in Southeast Asia.

I trust Jencks does not approve of such means to achieve his ends. But the fact they are used cannot be ignored. For the dictator of Uganda has a point: They are the only effective means available. Equality of results is incompatible with political equality and freedom and with equality of opportunity. Once this is understood the price seems too high even to those who were originally charmed by equality of results. But it is neither right nor prudent to ignore this price.

Were he fully to anticipate what it must be like, I doubt that Jencks would want to live in his paradise—or to wish it on anyone. Would that the generosity of his intentions and the brilliance of his intelligence were matched by a realistic apprehension of the results his proposals would produce. Judgment, I suspect, is one of the characteristics needed for success concealed in Professor Jencks’s residual category of “luck.” I would be less than candid were I not to wish him better luck in proposing social reforms. With it, we can expect ever greater contributions from his pen. □

5. Jencks seems under the mistaken impression that the happiness of the greatest number is always consistent with the greatest happiness, and that either can be cardinally measured.

OF THE MANY facets of Peking's new global strategy that keep Kremlin lights burning late into the night, one of the most fascinating is the Chinese leaders' sudden loss of interest in their "Marxist-Leninist" followers abroad. Of late, China has made efforts to re-establish normal relations with the mainstream European Communist parties that during the years of the Cultural Revolution were considered "revisionists"—only slightly less wicked than the "socialist-imperialists" of Russia. While the Chinese have not exactly abandoned Maoist groups in Western Europe and the Third World, the importance of these groups in the attainment of Chinese foreign-policy objectives and the willingness of Peking to support them is waning just about as rapidly as relations with governments around the world are improving.

The sharp decline in the number of visiting "Marxist-Leninist" delegations this year is indicative of the trend. There is no room at the inn: Hostels in Peking are full of delegations of foreign governments, business leaders, scientists, and specialists in various activities.

From the scant attention accorded those Marxist-Leninist faithful who have managed to find a place in Peking's busy calendar, it is apparent that their eclipse is not temporary. The showers of revolutionary flowers to which they had become accustomed are for the foreseeable future reserved for the likes of Pat Nixon, Farah Pahlavi, and Mrs. Gerhard Schroeder.

The turning point in China's relations with foreign "Marxist-Leninist" parties came just after the melodramatic departure of Lin Piao from the political scene on September 12, 1971. Two days earlier a delegation from the splinter, pro-Maoist Japanese Communist Party (Left), led by Party Chairman Masayoshi Fukuda, had arrived in the Chinese capital, only to find itself ignored in the mounting confusion. No one of any importance got around to meeting with them for eight days. Outraged, the Japanese ultras departed two days later; Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka commanded remarkably better treatment just a year later.

During 1972, receptions of "Marxist-

*Mr. Gregory has had a professional interest in Asian affairs for the past 25 years.*

ON THE LEFT

## Maoists in Search of Mecca

GENE GREGORY

Leninist" visitors were marked by a coolness that toasts to fraternal revolutionary solidarity could hardly dispel. Ceylonese CP Secretary General N. Sanmugathasan returned with dampened spirits from Peking during July. After reporting his arrival, on July 10, the Chinese media made no further reference to Sanmugathasan's activities, in striking contrast to the warm welcome accorded Prime Minister Mme. Bandaranaike during her earlier visit. The Chinese reportedly made it clear to Sanmugathasan that he could best show his loyalty by cooling his opposition to the Bandaranaike government, forgetting that he had been incarcerated for subversive activities.

THERE HAVE been only a few radical groups of marginal importance invited to Peking of late. Some of the more noteworthy are the "U.S. October League (Marxist-Leninist)," a wing of the Black Panther Party, and the "Revolutionary Union of the United States." The timing of their visits was neatly arranged to meet Peking's need for evidence that by establishing relations with Western capitalist countries China was not entirely abandoning its claim to leadership of revolutionary forces in those countries.

Significantly, Chinese media have little space to devote to greetings from the forty-odd splinter groups whose good wishes and words of praise filled pages of print and hours of broadcast time just two years ago. Likewise, the almost complete lack of theoretical articles dealing with these disparate elements tends to suggest that Peking's new global strategy will rely on more dependable instruments.

Apart from the awkward identification of many Marxist-Leninist elements with the strategy and tactics of Lin Piao and his faction—hardly the best recommendation in Peking just now—these splinter groups tend to get in the way of progress in the new directions of Chinese foreign policy. But considera-

tions of expediency aside, the remarkable ineffectiveness of all Marxist-Leninist parties, which may have been outstanding primarily for their failure to establish enduring organizations and win mass support in their various countries, is reason enough for the Chinese leaders to look elsewhere.

Rather than depend upon a parallel network of competing radical CPs, at least in Europe, the Chinese now seem to be ready to compete with Moscow for the sympathies of the established parties. The fact that the newly formed Marxist-Leninist movement in Iceland has so far gone unrecognized by Peking, while the Chinese leadership has been cementing relations with the Spanish Communist Party headed by Secretary General Santiago Carillo, and with the Mexican Communist Party of a similar "revisionist" stripe, portends the direction of China's parapolitical action.

Behind Peking's strategy lies some compelling reasoning: Just as Western governments—and, for that matter, Eastern European governments—will welcome diplomatic or economic relations that strengthen their position vis-a-vis the Soviet Union, European Communist parties will respond positively to support which at once buttresses independence from Moscow and poses no direct threat of hegemony from another direction. Peking is betting that its doctrine of self-reliance will ultimately attract adherents within the established European parties and slowly erode Soviet control, first over West European Communist parties and eventually over the satellite parties of Eastern Europe as well.

Whether Peking is overly optimistic about its ability to exercise this kind of influence in Europe or not, it is too early to say. But one thing is certain: The Soviets are badly shaken by this turn in Chinese strategy, which in itself is reason to believe that the new leadership in Peking has found a more fertile political field to cultivate its ambitions than that offered by the ineffectual Marxist-Leninist dissidents. □

## Where There's Muck . . .

JOHN BRAINE

I'M SOMETHING of an authority on pollution, since at the age of four I fell into a tank of effluent at the Bradford Sewage Works. (I've been obsessively clean ever since; I'm not handsome, but you could eat your dinner off me.)

My father was a superintendent at the Works, and from him I acquired certain basic facts about sewage disposal which haven't yet reached the public. Nor have they reached the majority of those far-sighted, deeply concerned people who are so busily warning us about the perils of pollution.

For instance, one very common way of displaying intellectual superiority is to scorn the use of the word "effluent" to describe what goes into the sewers and to use instead a four-letter word which used to be unprintable. But "effluent" is the accurate word: Only about 30 per cent of what goes into the sewers is human waste. If only it were all human waste then sewerage engineers would have no problems: What would emerge after treatment would be high-grade organic fertilizer and methane.

These byproducts, among many others, do in any case emerge from an efficient sewage works; and the recovery of byproducts is as important as the disposal of the sewage. What is left over at the end is water in which fish can live.

The trouble is that not all sewage works reach the same standards as Bradford's, particularly at seaside places. At the root of this is the dustbin approach to pollution, the primitive notion that one gets rid of waste by disposing of it. We get rid of waste, as I learned at my father's knee, by taking out of it what is valuable, leaving a harmless residue. In fact, what we must learn to do is to regard waste as raw material to be processed.

It's easy, of course, to condemn municipalities which allow half-treated sewage to be poured into the sea, just as

it's easy to condemn the industrialists who dump waste into the rivers, and who pollute the air with deadly fumes. But those who should set them an example are no better.

The National Coal Board is a case in point. None of its scientists appears to have realized that the effective utilization of coal is just as important as actually mining it. Atmospheric pollution isn't only injurious to health, but a



waste of fuel; the Clean Air Act saved not only thousands of lives, but millions of tons of coal. But it wasn't brought about by the NCB.

Then there are the coal tips (slagheaps). One can literally see here the dustbin method in full swing, culminating in the horror of Aberfan. Yet in the Rhymney Valley in South Wales a vast tip has been entirely removed: On one side the valley is open again, and trout are coming back to the river.

Back in 1947 a Canadian, Mr. Larry Ryan, perceived that waste coal washed down into the Usk River from the

Rhymney Valley was usable, recovered it, and made himself some £77,000 a year in the process. When more efficient working at the tips dried up this source of coal, he bought the concession for clearing the tips. Last year his company earned a pre-tax profit of £2.8 million. He estimates that by moving and washing all the tips in South Wales, one million tons of extra coal can be produced every year.

There is now a thriving antipollution lobby; it even has its own TV program with good, grey, sincere Kenneth Allsop as *compère*. And an antipollution revue—described as the dirtiest clean show in town—is on the way from New York. Antipollution is trendy now. What I find disquieting about it is that the villain is so often private enterprise and the remedy is to make private enterprise pay and, when that isn't possible, the public. In short, the waste must be put in a dustbin, and money must be expended to buy that dustbin.

A fair example of this approach is the plastic disposal method recently discovered by two scientists (in, I'm sure, government employment). The plastic is destroyed, eaten, as it were, by specially concocted bacteria. And very neat and tidy too. But what happens to what's left over? And who pays? On the other hand, a profit-seeking businessman has discovered a method of recycling plastic to sell it again. The waste is disposed of by not allowing it to become waste, and not one penny will be asked from the taxpayer.

By the same token Mr. Larry Ryan has got rid of many of the slagheaps of South Wales and made at least one river run clean again. No government department has helped him: He has received no subsidy. On the contrary, he has created jobs where there were none before and saved millions of tons of irreplaceable fossil fuel.

And the profit motive which was his driving force is the only one which can solve the pollution problem. Wherever there is pollution, there is a byproduct which can be sold. Enthusiasm for a cause, no matter how good, is not a reliable motive; profit is.

I don't know exactly how manufacturers will be induced to realize that in causing pollution they lose profits, but I have a shrewd idea that tax concessions or even outright cash awards will work wonders. Prophecies of doom work wonders only for the bank balances of the prophets. □

Mr. Braine's latest book is *The View from Tower Hill*.

**B**EFORE DAWN on December 4, 1969, police with a search warrant raided a Black Panther apartment in Chicago, and in the ensuing gunfire Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed. Almost immediately the Panther Party's lawyer Charles R. Garry told the press that Hampton and Clark were "in fact the 27th and 28th Panthers murdered by the police."

Four days later, in Los Angeles police tried to execute search warrants for weapons, a four-hour shootout resulted and three Panthers were wounded. Afterward Garry charged that the two incidents were "part and package of a national scheme by various agencies of the government to destroy and commit genocide upon members of the Black Panther Party."

Garry's accusations were widely reported. On December 7 the *New York Times* said flatly: "Twenty-eight Black Panthers have been killed in run-ins with the police since January 1, 1968." The *Washington Post* (Dec. 9) echoed: "A total of 28 Panthers have died in clashes with police since January 1, 1968." John Kifner of the *Times* suggested that statements by members of the Nixon Administration had apparently led the police to believe that "a virtual open season... had been declared on the Panthers."

The December 12 issue of *Time* noted: "Whether or not there is a concerted police campaign, the ranks of Panther leadership have been decimated in the past two years." The next issue of *Newsweek* declared that the Panther "hierarchy around the country has been all but decimated over the past year," and asked: "Is there some sort of government conspiracy afoot to exterminate the Black Panthers?" Similar stories appeared throughout the printed media.

When asked to substantiate his allegations, Garry produced the names of 19 Panthers. Of these, the deaths of only twelve were attributed directly to the police. The others, Garry now suggested, were slain by "police agents" like Ron Karenga's US-UCLA.

Although Victor Riesel and a few other writers were skeptical of the charge, it was not until 1971 that the

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*Miss Jeffries, whose work has also appeared in Human Events, sells crossword puzzles to TV Guide, Dell Magazine, the N.Y. Times, and is working on a gothic novel.*

## MEDIA WATCH

# The "Black Genocide" Myth

JEAN JEFFRIES

myth was exposed. Writing in *The New Yorker* (Feb. 13), Edward Jay Epstein disclosed the widespread, uncritical publicity Garry's allegation had received. He noted a kind of echo effect:

Whitney Young's assertion that "nearly thirty Panthers have been murdered by law-enforcement officials" was based on the *Times*, according to his research assistant, and the *Times* was then able to report in a Sunday summary that the charge of a "national conspiracy" against the Panthers "has been echoed by more moderate civil-rights leaders."

Epstein examined the 19 cases cited by Garry and knocked them down one by one. Garry's list had included, for instance, the following entry: "Nathaniel Clark, Sept. 12, 1969, Los Angeles: Dead. Killed by police agent." Epstein found the "agent" to be Clark's wife, "who told investigating officers that she had shot her husband in self-defense with his revolver after he had, in her words, 'Shot up with heroin and beat me up.'" Another Panther was killed in a burglary attempt by a merchant; others were slain by other black militants or in shootouts in which the first bullets were fired by Panthers, not by the cops. Epstein concluded there was only one incident where police action was questionable: the raid on the Hampton apartment. Garry's figure of 28 was reduced to a possible two.

**A**LTHOUGH he demonstrated that the national print media had helped spread unjustified fears of genocide in the black community, Epstein didn't cover the performance of television. Americans, black and white, get most of their news from television, rather than newspapers or magazines. In March 1971 I wrote the networks asking about their coverage of the charge that "a large number of Panthers had been murdered by policemen," explaining that I wanted the information for a magazine article.

I might as well have asked for classified documents from the Pentagon. A spokesman for ABC News wrote back:

"Unfortunately, we do not have the personnel or facilities available to do the research which would be required to properly answer your questions or to provide you with transcripts. . . ." Nothing at all from CBS and NBC.

Several weeks later I wrote the FCC, with copies to each network, asking: "Is there anything that might be done to encourage the television networks to make microfilmed transcripts of their news broadcasts available to university and public libraries?" My answer was a printed document which included the marked statement, "With the exception of certain circumstances involving political editorials of licensees or personal attacks as defined by the Commission's rules, licensees are not required to make, maintain, or provide to the general public scripts, tapes, or summaries of program material broadcast."

A week later, I heard from Reuven Frank, President of NBC News. Mr. Frank told me he had asked for an exhaustive study of the files of the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* and *Today*. His letter continued:

At no time was Garry's number, 28, used, with or without attribution, as well as we can find. There were three associated references, as follows:

On December 5, the day after two Panthers were killed in Chicago, two clergymen taking part in a Chicago mourning demonstration were quoted as saying that the "26 deaths" were part of a national campaign. Three days later, a spokesman for the Los Angeles Police Department was shown and heard saying that a raid on a suspected Panther office was purely a local action, and in no way part of a national campaign, and specifically denying a question by our reporter who quoted Charles Garry's charge that it was a coordinated national effort, and a reference early in 1970 to the annual FBI Report for 1969 which listed seven policemen as having been killed by Panthers, and a related use of the Black Panther claim—both of these by Brinkley—that 16 of their members had been killed by police.

Although I appreciated Mr. Frank's

letter, it didn't really give me enough information. I wrote back saying: Now that you've found those references, would you please let me have a copy of the excerpts in full if I pay you for the Xeroxing? No answer. I wrote again saying: If you can't let me have transcripts, will you please at least let me know why not? No answer.

There the matter rested until over a year later, when I learned that the Vanderbilt University Television News Archive had begun indexing its collection of videotapes of every network news broadcast since 1968. This development made it possible for me to get an audio tape of the NBC and CBS coverage of the Panther controversy. The tape included those three references Reuven Frank had told me about, and more.

Frank's second reference contained a surprise—an appearance by Charles Garry himself, as well as the Los Angeles police official:

*Garry:* I'm satisfied that the United States Government and the state authorities and state agencies are out to systematically commit genocide on the Black Panther Party.

In the NBC coverage of Fred Hampton's funeral two days later, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy told the gathering: "There is a calculated design of genocide in this country. . . . For too long black people have been on the hands of white America, and America is doing everything within her power to destroy us and to kill us. . . ."

The next evening Representative William Clay told NBC: "Thousands of black people have been murdered by the police in this country during the past ten years under the same kinds of circumstances that exist in this Black Panther case." Jack Perkins' report followed: "To the noontime rally in front of Los Angeles City Hall came moderates—and militants, blacks and whites, gathering, they said, to show that, whether Panther or not, they support the Black Panthers. Moderate clergymen said there is a national conspiracy, the Panthers are the bullseye but all blacks are the target."

This is not to suggest that defenders of the police did not also appear. They did. But they were outnumbered, and their statements were frequently followed by Panther "rebuttals" of one kind or another. On January 2, 1970, David Brinkley reported: "J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI says in his report

for 1969, black extremists—the Black Panthers and others—have made more than a hundred attacks on the police in the last six months. Many of them, he says, were unprovoked, and in fact were nothing more than ambushes. He said seven policemen were killed and 120 injured. The Black Panther leaders claim the police, on the other hand, have killed 16 of *their* members."

On December 11, Walter Cronkite reported, "Jackie Robinson, the former baseball player, charged the Nixon Administration today with letting the nation drift toward a bloody racial confrontation, and in his words, 'Someone, somewhere in government had better get moving, or I shudder to think of the consequences.'"

**O**N January 2, 1970, John Lawrence presented a lengthy report on the Panther controversy. It began with the sounds of gunfire.

*Lawrence: Los Angeles. . . .* Three hundred Los Angeles policemen are involved in a raging gun battle for nearly five hours. They are assaulting an office of the Black Panther Party, the most powerful militant black organization in the country. The shootout in Los Angeles is the latest in a long series of violent conflicts between police and the Panthers. . . .

[Fred Hampton is heard leading the chant: "I am a revolutionary."]

*Lawrence:* Fred Hampton, Deputy Chairman of the Black Panther Party, age 21. Two months after he led this rally in Chicago, Fred Hampton was shot and killed by police in a predawn raid on his home. Again, each side claims the other fired first. In the past two years, five policemen and at least ten Panthers have killed each other in gun battles. The Party claims to have lost 28 members fighting police, but only ten can be confirmed. . . .

*Voice:* The United States Government has a plan for genocide against our party. They're not picking any bones about it, they're killing us in our sleep. . . .

*Lawrence:* A three-week study by the American Civil Liberties Union charged that police action against the Panthers has amounted to provocative and even punitive harassment denying their constitutional rights. The ACLU found no evidence of a directed national campaign to get the Panthers, but charged that many high national officials were contributing to the climate of oppression and encouraging local police to initiate the crackdown. . . .

*Lawrence:* Charles Garry, the Panther's chief attorney, is a sixty-year-old socialist, a liberal of the old order, yet even he advises his clients that they are justified in killing under extreme circumstances. . . .

*Garry:* And then you operate against that Gestapo policeman in a guerrilla manner, in a guerrilla-warfare manner, much in the same way as the freedom fighters fought in Europe against the Nazi hordes. You can't meet 'em on the battlefield, you kill 'em, literally kill 'em, as they did in Europe. And you've got to do that once the police state has moved in and you've lost all your democratic rights. We have not reached that point, and we're hopeful that we will never reach that point. Certain members of the Black Panther Party are subjected to that kind of treatment and when they do, they're justified in defending themselves with whatever means that are necessary.

Other antipolice spokesmen heard in the Lawrence report were Ralph Abernathy again, with his charge of "a calculated design of genocide," and Panther David Hilliard, who said: "We have a right to kill in defense of our own survival, and ain't no television in the world that can distort that. I know you ain't going to play it back the way I'm saying it, but I'm saying it anyway. We're going to kill. . . ."

Lawrence concluded his report, saying: "Whether or not there is a campaign to crush the party, it is a fact that many people in America's black community believe there is, giving the Panthers sympathy they never had before."

A year later the Panther Party was in disarray, and Huey P. Newton reportedly admitted that their old violently militant image had "almost destroyed the party." Newton was quoted as saying, "We've rejected the rhetoric of the gun; it got about forty of us killed and sent hundreds of us to prison. . . ."

Commenting on "the politics of hysteria" in January 1970, Eric Sevareid said of the Reverend Ralph Abernathy: "What he tells his followers is that white America is engaged in a calculated conspiracy to physically destroy the Negro race in this country. Neurosis breeds neurosis faster than reason begets reason. The consequences of this kind of talk, if believed in by enough people, come easily to anybody's imagination." What television's role may have been in this episode in the politics of hysteria, he did not say. □

# Will Gierek Make It?

DENNIS PRAGER

IT IS NOW two years since the worker riots over food price increases in Gdansk, Gdynia, and Szczecin led to the overthrow of Wladislaw Gomułka. The current mood in Poland, one of wait-and-see, is typified by the remark of one young Pole: "We're giving Gierek a chance to prove himself."

Thus far, there has been some basis for popular contentment with the new regime. Economically speaking, Poland has experienced its finest year under Communist rule. Agricultural incomes, accounting for a third of the population, were raised 40 per cent (that is, the government now pays 40 per cent more, the net gain being in fact only 20 per cent, as farmers used to earn 20 per cent more than the government paid them through black-market sales), and teachers, journalists, health and railway workers have also received a 25 per cent raise in salary. Most significant, Poland has reached its projected economic goals for 1975 by fulfilling three years of production plans in one year.

As impressive as these statistics appear, however, a deeper look reveals several disquieting signs both for the people—because the economic bases of this miniboom are fragile—and for the regime—because a high ideological price has had to be paid for the attainment of this greater productivity.

The government has had the funds to increase payments to farmers and to the workers thanks to favorable foreign-credit terms, hard-currency income from the worldwide seller's market in coal (Poland's major export), and increased worker efficiency. Yet foreign credits are diminishing, the coal market is in flux, and worker efficiency is directly related to material incentive.

The regime has had to abandon further ideology in order to insure this greater farm productivity. Gierek has abolished compulsory delivery of farm goods; farmers now negotiate voluntary contracts for the sale of their products to the government. This exercise in free enterprise has dramatically improved the quality and quantity of Polish farm produce, and is one important reason for increasing reference to Gierek as the "Polish Kadar." Both Janos Kadar, the Hungarian leader, and Edward

Gierek pay eloquent lip service to Marxism-Leninism, hail Soviet *druzhiba* (friendship), and obediently follow Soviet foreign-policy directives. Quietly, however, each presses on with economic and occasional political reforms.

Religion continues to have the strongest pull on the Pole, and Communism strengthens this pull in that the church is viewed as the major source of opposition to Communist rule. A popular joke in Poland is about the man who goes to church but remains standing while all others kneel. A worshiper asks him why he isn't praying. "Who's here to pray?" says the man, "I'm here to protest against the regime."

THE REGIME IS well aware of the unpopularity of Communism—especially among the youth (my major source of information and jokes)—and it attempts to instill Communist fervor whenever possible. As a sort of consolation prize to those who lose in the national lottery, for instance, the government offers free Marxist-Leninist literature in return for five losing tickets. It's like "rubbing salt into your wounds," said the young woman who told me this.

Culturally the country remains the wasteland it has been since the student riots of March 1968. The Philosophy Department at Warsaw University is still closed. Few teachers are "reliable" enough to teach such a sensitive subject, and some of the Department's finest minds, such as Leszek Kolakowski (now at Oxford), are in exile. The Political Science Department has been reopened, but students and faculty are hand-picked; many students who participated in the 1968 demonstrations for cultural and academic freedom have not been permitted to resume their studies.

For the majority of Poles life continues as before: hard work, hard drink, poor wages, crowded housing, omnipresent lines, and consumer products and services of primitive quality. The average Pole earns 2,300 zlotys a

month (about \$100 at the official rate of exchange, about \$23 at the black-market rate), which means that a child's school dress costs approximately ten days' salary, a short-wave radio (an extremely popular item) about ten months' salary, and the cheapest Polish-made car about three years' salary. Rent is cheap, but where can one find an apartment?

The repression and depression of the later years of the Gomułka era are not so keenly felt today. The new government has tried, with some success, to clean up the rigidly authoritarian Ministry of the Interior. Gierek has also embarked on some new foreign-policy initiatives. In the past year, Nixon and Castro visited Warsaw, and the Polish foreign minister has been to Vienna, Oslo, Bonn, Brussels, and Rome; Gierek visited Paris in October and, it is said, is planning to go to Bonn.

The real test for Gierek will come soon; informed circles believe food prices will be increased early this year. As popular dissatisfaction in Poland, whether cultural, political, or economic, can be expressed in only one way, there could be new waves of riots. □

## The Poets in the East Village

Have tooth decay. And lice  
In their privates.

Do not  
Pity them overmuch but  
Remember when they write  
Of Amerika as a Bad Bitch  
They are used to having  
Girls who squirt them-  
Selves with penicillin  
To try to stop the pus from  
Running.

O the poets in  
The East Village write good  
Poems but cannot find  
A godhead in themselves.

JOHN MCKERNAN

Mr. Prager teaches at Brooklyn College and is also studying at Columbia's Russian Institute. He has made a number of trips behind the Curtain in recent years.

## CRUISING

# On Being Rescued by the Coast Guard

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE WIND would not budge from the east, but having powered for seven endless hours from Miami to Cat Cay and waited here a whole (pleasant) day for a change in the wind, so that we might turn off the motor and sail in the general direction of Nassau, we decided what the hell, let's accept the wind's obstinacy and move north to Grand Bahama, which we could do under sail, and *then* work our way, again under sail, south to the Berry Islands, and on into Nassau, which we didn't have to reach until Thursday, this being only Saturday—all the time in the world to complete a leisurely detour. But Grand Bahama is a good stretch from Cat Cay so we resolved, in late afternoon, to get a leg up on the northerly trip by coasting there and then, before nightfall, the eight miles to Bimini, in order to overnight there.

It was the kind of afternoon, with which the Bahamas are so frequently touched, which causes the heart and the memory to flutter: a steady balmy breeze, lengthening shadows on sugar-beaches, ten shades of blue and green between my schooner *Cyrano* and the entrance to the little harbor, only forty yards away. We were on the leeward side of the dock, tied up alongside, and so we had only to release the lines to the pilings, float clear of the Hatteras behind us and the Hatteras ahead of us, back gently under power out into the channel, then hard right rudder, a lazy 90-degree turn and on out by the inland passage to Bimini. We slid smoothly away from the dock and in due course I eased the gear stick into reverse and quickened the throttle by a few hundred rpm, and in seconds I found myself dreaming the dream where you are trying desperately to run away from the monster who is chasing you, only your legs, though they go furiously through the motions, fail to propel you. My beautiful 60-foot schooner was proceeding slowly, majestically, toward the stone jetty, twenty yards downwind.

Only once before had I geared in and gotten zero response. The experience occupied an instant and secure place in my repertory of nightmares. It was Newport, the day before *Dame Pattie* would begin the first race in her competition for the America's Cup. Newport was crowded with sportsmen, sportswriters, and other lay and professional enthusiasts and celebrants. I was bound for Nantucket on my steel cutter, *The Panic*, and proposed to my friends that before leaving the harbor we might have a look at the challenger. We powered into the U-shaped pier



basin, slid slowly, closely, by the pier opposite *Dame Pattie*, and turned sharp left pointing my chubby steel bowsprit directly at the soft underbelly of *Dame Pattie*. Five or six seconds of that and I would be perfectly situated to slide into reverse, turn left again, and cruise quietly back out into the channel after enjoying a long lascivious look at *Dame Pattie*. I moved the gear shift back. Nothing happened. Fifteen tons of *The Panic* were sliding without room for maneuver, smack into the challenger at about five knots. Ten seconds later, at the speed we were going, we'd have precipitated the withdrawal of Australia from SEATO. Four or five young crewmen were relaxedly, adoringly, lying

about their beloved *Dame Pattie's* deck in the midday sun, eating sandwiches when suddenly they noticed the dagger approaching slowly but ineluctably the heart of their vessel. As if programmed by Balanchine, five bodies went into pandemoniac motion which climaxed with ten frozen hands interlaced over the side, each pair holding a fender or seat cushion, piled one on top of the other at the point in *Dame Pattie's* midriff toward which our juggernaut was lumbering. It occurred to me to throw myself into the water and plead later, at the war-crimes trial, that I had suffered a heart attack when—suddenly, unaccountably, providentially—the propeller engaged.

At the exhaustive postmortem I was told cheerily by an expert that a collapsible propeller sometimes disdains to engage immediately in reverse gear at low rpm speeds. (I got myself a non-collapsible propeller.) At Cat Cay, Danny Merritt was following us in the whaler under his own power, so as to be out of the way of our stern when we backed down. With the whaler as tug, in a few seconds we were laced back along the pier, and discovered that the drive shaft had disengaged from the coupling.

For those as ignorant of mechanical arrangements as I, this means that the rod to which the propeller is affixed, which rod must (obviously) itself be turned by something, had come loose from what turns it, namely the engine. Frank Warren, the young professional captain of *Cyrano*, had had this difficulty under tame circumstances a few weeks earlier, whereupon he took the boat to a great shipyard in Miami which put it in drydock, aligned the engine, tested the shaft, repaired the coupling, for all I know prayed over it, and wished us happy cruising.

We examined the shaft and found that a stainless-steel through-pin binding the shaft to the engine had sheared, and that moreover the liberated member had rocketed aft, imbedding the propeller in the sternpost forward of the rudder. A local mechanic meditated laconically on the situation and in three hours, during which I had laboriously devised a beaching program so that we could at low tide hammer the shaft into position, pronounced it repaired. He used a galvanized pin and suggested that we exchange it for another stainless-steel pin, the collapsed one having been clearly defective, eventually, when

the boat got back to Miami. The next day, approaching Lucayan Beach in Grand Bahama, we had the identical experience.

This time the local mechanic pronounced oracularly on the sources of our difficulty. The pin, he said, is not nearly strong enough to carry the load of the revolving drive shaft. The shaft should *to begin with* engage positively a key in the engine. This key had worn. We needed a new key. He would have one made up at the machine shop—perhaps that very Sunday afternoon!

Thirty hours and \$125 later, he pronounced us totally fit. Not only had he put in a fresh key, and a fresh pin, he had tapped in three set screws. There was no way for the drive shaft to give us any more trouble.

IT WAS early afternoon, and the wind now was oscillating from south to southwest, in a dirtying sky, barometer, however, steady (at 30.02). It seemed reasonable, since we were edgy to move on, to sail the 37 miles to the end of Grand Bahama, beyond which is the bight wherein Deep Water Cay beckons. The *Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas* describes it as "an anchorage [which will] carry 6 ft. at L.W. while 4 ft. can be taken in over the bar. The Deep Water Cay Club . . . [is] an attractive fishing camp with space for four boats, gas and diesel fuels, electricity, water and ice in small quantities. . . . The bone fishing is considered among the best in the Bahamas. There is a 2,200-ft. grass airstrip, but buzz the Club and make contact . . . before landing as it might be soft." Would that we had been airborne.

Chart 26320 shows the shallow water along the southern coast of Grand Bahama tapering off decisively ten or twelve miles before the entrance to Deep Water Cay, with glorious depths of not less than thirty feet (we draw only five feet) right up to the beaches approaching the bight.

Six hours later the wind was stiffening, so we pulled down the fisherman. I noticed then that two (of the 17) lugs that slide up the groove in the aluminum mast, holding the luffline of the mainsail to the mast, had pulled out. Strange, they have never done that before. They are tough, one-inch by half-inch, hard plastic. My son Christopher tightens the halyard with all his strength, another half inch, to take the

strain off the remaining members, but within minutes the rest of them have ripped out and the mainsail is now sloppy and in the whippy wind very nearly intractable. Turning on the engine, sliding the gear forward, and turning the wheel to windward, I order the mainsail hauled down.

I do not know what happened, in the all but total absence of stress—we had used the engine only to get out of Lucayan Harbor—to the beautiful new key; to the set screws; to the stainless-steel pin, but I was accosted by the distinctive purr of an engine in neutral. We were still three or four miles from the bight, but with less than an hour of daylight, and we needed to make way. I gave instructions to fasten on the storm trysail. As we wrestled with it, Peter Starr, having peered forward, rushed back quickly to the wheel. I have known him since he was a boy, and have sailed with him a hundred thousand miles. His voice had the imperative ring to which one pays very special attention. We are, he said quietly, about three hundred yards from a reef, breaking in the sea and stretching right out along our course. I look up from the trysail operation. There it is, clear as pitch. A mile south of the shoreline, as far as the eye can see, exactly where the chart indicates a freeway. To the right of us is upwind. To the left, land. We rush forward, fasten the 60-pound Danforth, let down the headsails, pay out 150 feet of chain, and hold our breath. The waves and wind pound against us, and our 12-foot bowsprit rises and plunges like a bronco. But the anchor holds. On the whaler, Danny takes out a second anchor, the plow, attached to 1-inch nylon, out about the same distance, forty or fifty feet to the right of the Danforth. Frank Warren dives down to alert the Bahaman Air Sea Rescue station at Freeport, forty miles west, and reports that thus far we are not dragging, that we are a mile from the beach, that the mainsail is inoperative. Freeport replies that inasmuch as we are not in any apparent physical danger, they will not send out their rescue vessel, which in any event is busy right now with other emergency duty. I dispatch Danny and Warren in the whaler into the womb of Deep Water Cay to request a fishing boat to come to us to take the ladies—my wife and sister-in-law—to the club, there to take refuge from what I knew would be a tossy,

emetic, nerve-bruising night, manacled as we were in the way of a raucous wind and boisterous sea. The boys returned, three hours later, tatterdemalion, announcing that the alleged channel through which we proposed to pass had, even at high tide, scratched the whaler's 18-inch propeller shaft a half-dozen times. That the club was inoperative. That there were no boats anywhere in the vicinity. That they had hitchhiked twenty miles to the nearest telephone, whence they had called Freeport once again giving more exact details on our position. This much we had known. We were guarding 2182 and Freeport had called in to report that the boys were safe, and would spend the night ashore. Instead they elected to make their way back to *Cyrano*, where they now huddled, wet and exhausted. We sprawled about the huge cockpit, covered by canvas, looking past six squat candles smug in their colored chimneys, gazing through the large windshields at the wind and the sea and the rain.

DURING the long night our position didn't change. The anchor watch reported not a detectable foot of drag. The boat's motion made sleep difficult. The gusts, though specially strident in our fixed circumstances, probably didn't reach more than thirty knots. We were not shipping water, and the reserve anchor, to judge from the tests we put it through on the forward winch, was itself nicely kedged. If it had happened that both our anchors had slipped, *Cyrano* would have floated toward the shore, on the safe side of the vicious reef, there either to be battered or if we were lucky to get there at high tide, which would come just after midnight, and not again until noon the next day, to be lumpily beached, in whatever chaotic way (she is 35 tons). We could briefly hold the boat away from the beach by pulling it with the whaler (and its 40 hp outboard); but in this sea, this would not have worked for more than long enough to try one time or perhaps two to resituate the anchor. We had on board two six-man emergency life-rafts, which would have drifted our crew and passengers, a total of eight people, safely to the beach. We had repaired the mainsail by pulling the runners out of the trysail and stitching them in. The halyards were poised ready to lift all sails. We needed

a windshift, though not much of one. Forty-five degrees west and we could sail away from the reef on a starboard tack. Twenty-five degrees east, and we could sail back toward Freeport at a safe distance from the shore. Schooners are not designed to tack out of an acute angle.

But the wind held. Then, unaccountably, just after dawn as I was listening gloomily to a weather forecast that gave no indication of a prospective change in wind or weather, a cutter approached us over the horizon, slowly, sniffily. Through the wind I could hear the bagpipes! But it was so much unexpected, I found myself waving my cap, lest the cutter should ignore us or continue east. At least I could warn them that if they wished to bone-fish in Cat Cay, they would need to portage their cutter into the harbor . . .

Within a few minutes we could see the Coast Guard cutter *Cape Shoalwater*, which soon came within hailing distance. Moments later two men in a powered rubber life-raft approached us, Chief Green, an engineer, and Seaman First Class Mike Harvey. They required, first, to inspect our documentation and our safety equipment. We passed triumphantly. It transpired that at about 10 P.M. Freeport, without our knowledge, had called over to Fort Lauderdale to request assistance in our behalf. Within one hour, the cutter *Shoalwater* had collected its standby crew of twelve men, under the charge of Lieutenant Bowersox, and started out on the 120-mile journey. Pretty damned good show.

Chief Green inspected our drive shaft, and in an incredible 45 minutes had it reconnected—a dazzling feat of virtuosity, which had required him singlehandedly to slide the entire shaft forward with only the tools at hand. (Alas, it slipped out again twenty minutes later.) Captain Warren, outside my earshot, had meanwhile asked, wistfully I assume, if the cutter might tow us all the way to Miami, instead of merely to Freeport, since in any case the cutter was bound eventually to Fort Lauderdale. Within minutes, the portable telephone relayed the request to the cutter, the cutter relayed it to Fort Lauderdale, and the request was approved. A very long hawser was slipped out over the *Shoalwater's* stern, bound to our samson post forward, and we were off on a 16-hour trip to Miami, with Mike Harvey aboard to relay nec-

essary signals on his radio. Sixteen hours later, averaging just under ten knots (we do ten and one-half maximum under sail) we reached Government Cut at Miami, and there a small tender took us over.

As THE tender pulled us through the cut, we heard from behind a strangled cry from Danny, who at my instruction had leaped into the whaler as was our mode coming into port. We could not see in the dark what had happened to him; we attempted to get the tender to go back and fetch him, but were told that would come later—first came the job of depositing *Cyrano* a mile down the line at the marina. As we drew into the dock, Danny was getting out of a car, right in front of us. The huge outboard, the fastenings loosed by the long haul, had jumped up over the transom of the whaler and purred away under water for a minute or so, gurgling finally into silence. Danny, who is as resourceful as Robinson Crusoe and as buoyant as styrofoam, used the water skis to paddle to one side of the cut, and bounded up to flag a passing car. The driver instantly obliged. It developed that he was working on his twentieth can of beer, and asked Danny where he lived. Danny replied Stamford, Connecticut, whereupon the driver looked blearily at his map for the most direct route to Stamford . . . No, no, Danny said. Miami, 5th and Biscayne, would do just fine, and that was only twenty blocks away. At the dock there were reporters and a couple of cameras. Evidently Dick Cavett had heard the news and observed brightly on his program that he hoped I had not run my yacht off the edge of the world. I was too tired to riposte that if the edge of the world had happened to be located in the Bahamas, the detail would have escaped the attention of the man who drew chart 26320. The *Miami Herald* was already out with a report taken from Freeport radio, which was quoted as observing: "They either had no sail aboard or no one who knows how to sail." Peter Starr and I could not work up the strength to be indignant. Somehow, I mused, it would never occur to a newspaper to write: "Apparently no one in the Caribbean area knows how to connect a drive shaft." We settled for professing our gratitude to the Coast Guard. That gratitude is keen.

How best to express it? By passing along the word . . .

One continues to learn. One learns and relearns of course the conventional things. For instance, that piloting in the Bahamas is a continuing act of brinkmanship, and that unless you have on board someone who knows the waters personally, you are best off being skeptical of everything you read, doubting every reassurance you get, and treating all charts the way Little Red Riding Hood should have treated her unconvincing grandmother. You relearn for the dozenth time the critical importance of super-rugged anchors and anchor lines, ready to go at very quick notice (it took us a couple of minutes: The chain was twisted the wrong way around the windlass). That kind of thing.

At another level, you meditate on larger themes. I wrote exasperatedly 15 years ago on the theme that nautical expertise (I define *expertise* very narrowly as *the body of operative knowledge* available in any given field) is highly limited. I was angrier at the Miami shipyard after the first failure than after the fourth. If the mechanic at Cat Cay had fixed the drive shaft so that it held, I'd have been totally unforgiving about Miami. Again, if the meticulous mechanic at Lucayan had fixed it, I'd have been irreconcilably critical of Miami. If Chief Green, after a few minutes of tinkering, had made it hold, I'd have dismissed the lot of them as incompetent. Back in Miami, I met eyeball to eyeball with the head of the shipyard and his chief foreman. I heard the foreman say: "*I never did like that arrangement for the drive shaft.*" Question: Why did he not register his skepticism about it? To whom did he speak of it? To his priest? Why did he not recommend a different arrangement? Boat fixers are presumably not more evil as a class than, say, car mechanics, and probably less so than, say, newspaper columnists. The trouble is their failures magnify a problem most critically. Let the drive shaft fail in an automobile, and you miss your appointment. Let it fail coming in, say, to Cat Cay, and you are on the rocks. Last year a young man perched down on *Cyrano's* lifeline in the Hudson River, talking with two friends. One minute later the line parted and he was in the water. One minute after that he was  
(Continues on page 225)

## Take a quick look at the card facing this page?

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I hope you'll give it a try now -- remember, time is important, as this bargain rate may not be repeated. Thanks again.



# Planned Chaos

**T**HE TITLE belongs to Ludwig von Mises. In that book he argues that "rational planning" of economic activity by government bureaucratic procedures always ends in chaos. Those of you who disdain such generalities may observe the same principles at work in the real world. Let the government attempt to fix the price of lumber by establishing maximum profit margins for lumber companies. Seem reasonable? Now watch closely—

1. Your lumber company is already operating at the maximum profit margin permitted by the gorillas on the Potomac. If you can raise your unit-costs by increasing your production, that is what you will do. Having raised your unit-costs, you can raise your selling prices without exceeding the dictated profit ratios. You force the buyer to finance the uneconomic development of your forest reserves. Thanks, Fed!

2. Your lumber company is operating at the maximum profit permitted, but you can only raise your unit-costs by lowering your production. You promptly issue orders to chop fewer trees. What the hell, you can always chop them next year or whenever the gorillas get off your back. Meanwhile the buyer in the market is faced with declining production (from you at least) even while he needs more and more lumber (housing starts have almost doubled since 1970). He must either shift to a new source in this country, or buy his lumber from over the border (Canada it is) at prices far above the domestic level. The consumer gets kicked in the shins either way. Thanks, Fed!

3. With a strongly rising demand for

## Land of the Free

**WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER**

lumber, the lumber industry finds that it no longer has to get out there and compete for the sale. Buyers come around, hat in hand, hoping for the great privilege of being permitted to purchase lumber at some crazy high price because that covers the cost of chopping at the thirteen-thousand-foot level on Mount Ararat—or some crazy low price because that permits the company to penetrate a new potential market that it may want to do business in, seriously, some day in the future when the silly-game boys have gone away. What formerly was a competitive industry begins to act like a monopoly, doesn't it?

4. Simply because lumber doesn't come to market in the old quantities any more, there will be fewer housing starts eventually, and those houses will cost more. Thanks, Fed!

5. With some companies raising their prices (to cover artificially raised costs) and some companies lowering their prices (to gain new markets), the price structure within the industry has become completely chaotic. This chaos leads to such interesting aberrations as barter, a form of economic activity usually described in the textbooks as an example of primitive arrangements—and what is primitive if not the notion that the Leader Knows All? When the same grade of lumber may sell for wildly different prices from different producers, when different grades of lumber sell for the same price from different producers—well, isn't it reasonable to trade a carload of Prime for a carload of Choice and put the difference out of sight of the revenooers? Thanks, Fed. We really needed barter to get this here country a-moving again.

6. With some companies raising their prices, the Justice Department has started rumbles about antitrust investigations. But the hallmark of a collusive industry is industrywide fixed pricing—as in labor union contracts—and that is the last thing we'll see in the lumber business as long as the gorillas insist on dictating the gross profit margins. Nevertheless, the lawyers will earn some wages and the lumbermen will up their legal expense accounts and the costs will be passed on to the consumer. Lumber prices will rise, tralala.

7. If your company has been operat-

ing at less than the maximum permissible profit margin, you simply raise your price. That ought to help the "fight" against "inflation." Thanks, Fed? (A rise in price is a rise in price; inflation is an increase in the money supply.)

8. Or perhaps, rather than raising prices, you would prefer to chop timber you carry on the books at lower cost. For whatever reason, you wind up invading your natural resources on some basis other than the one you would have selected if you had been free to find the most efficient match between the market demand and your own productive system. In short, your management of forest reserves and planting schedules is distorted by bureaucratic intervention. This holds true for the response of every company, whether it started as a high-profit or low-profit operation. Its management of a "scarce natural resource" will be queered by the gorillas on the Potomac.

9. So, in these heady days of Saint Ecologue, we find that the Feds are promoting wasteful practices in the timberlands. *Por donde se sale?*

10. Now if you were a rational administrator on the Potomac, you would conclude from this chaos that there is an immediate need for tighter controls and enforcement procedures. There will certainly (from your bureaucratic standpoint) be a need for a broad and effective system of reporting and inspection. The lumber industry will be required to maintain special records to show that it is complying with the regulations, records to prove that it has not twisted its lumbering operations to skew its costs and profit margins, records to explain its marketing procedures. Inspectors must be hired—thousands of them—and there should be inspectors to inspect the inspectors. Perhaps a Forest Products Division should be set up in the Justice Department. Maybe the whole program can be administered with about 100,000 new bureaucrats. Their salaries, pensions, expense accounts, office rents, equipment purchases, phone bills, and hanky panky will be paid for by thee and me.

11. It's not just chaos on the old aleatory and adventitious basis. They planned it.

Freedom, anyone? □

*William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, an investment advisory service, and publisher of the Financial Book Digest.*

## Ruination by "Renewal"

THE CAPITAL of these United States rapidly is being converted into one of the least livable cities in the world. In the name of "renewal," many hundreds of small businesses are being destroyed, large neighborhoods are being broken up, architectural monstrosities are replacing the charm of what remains of old Washington, traffic problems are doubled, social discontent is stimulated, the rights of property owners are trampled underfoot—and enormous profits are made by "developers," land speculators, and big corporations.

President Nixon knows that what has been done throughout this land under pretext of urban renewal is a ghastly failure. Mr. George Romney, while he was Secretary of HUD, so declared in public. The Nixon Administration, indeed, has slowed down such renewal (and its partner, federal highway building) somewhat nationally, allowing more hearings for those vitally affected by such projects, and scrutinizing more closely new grandiose schemes proposed. But the renewal boondoggle is so strongly entrenched that disintegration by bulldozer continues in many cities, and nowadays Washington itself suffers from the worst sort of unimaginative demolition and virtual confiscation of real property.

Federal courts afford little or no relief to those plaintiffs against local or federal authorities who uproot them. In one or two instances, out of hundreds of cases, inferior federal courts have sustained a property owner; but the Supreme Court, so far, consistently has evaded rulings on the constitutionality of renewal cases.

Late last year, the Supreme Court refused to hear the plea of BYSAP, Inc. (a non-profit association of small businessmen affected by Washington renewal), and others. The Court, so much concerned for due process for persons

## From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

accused of felonies, ignored BYSAP's brief claiming that Washington's renewal schemes flagrantly violate due process of law for property owners. One passage from BYSAP's brief must suffice to suggest the case:

There is nothing in the record to show that the public, at least those members of the public who are the small businessmen most adversely affected by the proposed project, ever had a clear or real or direct access to the decision-making process. . . . The record before the district court reveals absolutely no record of what transpired at the few informational meetings held prior to announcement of the plan—no transcripts, no abstracts, no speakers' notes, nothing insofar as the small-businessmen petitioners are concerned. Only Downtown Progress, a coalition of large business interests, hostile to the interests of the small businessmen, played any part in the decision-making process. There was no provision for the effective presentation of the views of the small businessmen, and when they requested such an opportunity, the Secretary denied it on the ground that the statute contained no provision for a hearing.

It would be pleasant to think that even though the rights of small businessmen and of many thousands of residents of Washington are virtually ignored, still substantial improvement comes to Washington by such projects. But actually the rebuilding of Washington is socially stupid, and often shoddy. Take the Southwest Urban Renewal Area, two decades old. Mrs. Henry Reuss, wife of the congressman from Milwaukee, wrote to the *Washington Post* at the end of November: "All of us who live in the Southwest Urban Renewal Area know the drawbacks of a neighborhood with no small stores or restaurants. A neighborhood of some sixteen thousand has been dependent on one supermarket, one drugstore, and a few large tourist restaurants. In the twilight, we hurry home along walled residential streets. There is nothing to attract us out of our lairs at night—our sidewalks are deserted except for dog-walkers. We are paying the price of exclusively residential zoning."

Most of this dehumanizing of Washington neighborhoods could have been averted by intelligent restoration—for

which provision was made, theoretically, in the Housing Act of 1964. But the big profits for speculators, developers, contractors, the building trades, and the large commercial firms lie in virtual confiscation by the renewal authorities, devastation by federal bulldozer, and costly, ugly, monotonous rebuilding on the sites. In the process, much good architecture and the character of whole quarters of the nation's capital are affected forever.

Washington's urban planners seem to have learned nothing from the failures of the past. The new Office of Planning and Management (part of Washington's municipal government) has some ninety planners, most of them highly paid. What sort of advice do they give? Why, the city council has voted to approve the erection of office-buildings 20 to 25 stories high in the Downtown Urban Renewal Project Area, which amounts to some 616 acres. The resulting congestion, dislocation of businesses and residents, and melancholy alteration of Washington's face must be left to the imagination. Various new projects, including the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan, may cost half a billion dollars. The cost in urban disruption is harder to express in figures.

WASHINGTON'S numerous little parks, you may recall, were designed by the architect Pierre Charles L'Enfant for military use, as well as ornament: He had in mind European capitals so often tormented by revolutionary mobs. A few pieces of artillery in those parks could provide the whiff of grapeshot needed to keep a government in power.

L'Enfant's foresight may be appreciated in the last quarter of the twentieth century. When Mr. George Romney left the governorship of Michigan to become Secretary of HUD, he remarked publicly that the great Detroit riots, during his administration in Lansing, had been brought on chiefly by urban renewal and federal highway construction, which destroyed vast neighborhoods and created slums, rather than renewing the city's vitality. Make a city one enormous renewal boondoggle, regardless of what happens to the people who live there, and—well, keep your powder dry. □

# Arts & Manners

## The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

### Krishna Kids

It's cold as a witch's whatever here, across from Gimbel's. A melancholic, vein-broken Santa clangs his handbell: indignant, upstaged, his best corner gone. The clang is swallowed by sharp, small-change clatter of tambourines, by fervid drum throbbing—and by the chant, the pulsing, athletic chant of *Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna!* The kids are drunk with repetition, hip dervishes. They wear sloppy bedsheet saris and, underneath, sweat socks and old cross-country suits, hoods up. They seem a vignette of the Fifties: skin-headed, pig-tailed, marked at midforehead by the white, cozy sign of Krishna—as if someone had unloaded on them, dead center, with a rotten egg. A pack of fraternity pledges, I think, humiliating themselves in unpersuasive drag.

He arrived in America seven years ago: Krishna's apostle to the English-speaking peoples. A charismatic man, well over seventy, lips wide as four-lane highways, with a magnificent flourish of earhole hair: His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. Now the International Society for Krishna Consciousness has thirty centers in the United States. I've seen many dozens of his disciples; not one was over thirty. Krishna consciousness appeals to our youth: antimaterialist, communal, wonderfully exotic.

I listen. Mucus drops sway on nose tips: yet another emblem of the faith. Incense sends exploding fingers toward Korvettes. One black disciple calls out to a soul brother: "Krishna is our master. He was born blue. Blue. And in certain lights blue is black." He'd be blue, old Krishna, if he worked this corner for half an hour. A sandwich sign pickets them: FREE TWO PAIR OF

PANTY HOSE. If they're answering materialism, this is where it's at. But the shoppers aren't giving Eastern mysticism for Christmas. The chanting elicits only a crotchety doubletake and a shrug. The kids don't care: Repetition is a kind of thermal underwear for the mind. I'm given an invitation: "The Krishna Consciousness Society sponsors free classes daily and sumptuous transcendental feasts on Sundays . . ." Oxymoronic that, I should think. An ectoplasm fondue? This is perhaps where the Eucharist falls short in appeal: no a la carte items. The Krishna Consciousness Center is located—where else?—in Brooklyn. I take the F train.

A HUNDRED and twenty kids live in the wide, deep brownstone. My welcome is friendly, gaseous: The Surgeon General has determined that incense is



dangerous to your health. This is one of those shoeless faiths. I kick mine off reluctantly. Yes . . . two different socks on and a fat hole in the left heel: My Achilles tendon grins nudity. I stand on my right foot a lot. The temple occupies a long room floored in Armstrong vinyl marble. My guide salaams: There is an East even in Brooklyn. At one end of the room, an altar: Looks like some rich kid's doll house. Two figurines—Krishna and his consort—dazzle with costume jewelry under great gold flying solar topees. The altar guild must have a ball here. Krishna is blue-black, as advertised, a goliwog playing the flute. There are photographs of the top ten swamis; icon paintings of Krishna ensconced on some transcendental fog bank, seeming to smoke a gold-plated panatella. Ten kids adore, chanting, dancing, chanting, men left, women right. It's a low-church prejudice, of

course, but I couldn't worship here—there is something too childlike and gaudy and—well . . . idolatrous.

At the other end; a throne of pillows—Swami Prabhupada's place. He's in India now, but the seat has a 6 by 8 glossy of the master, reverently strewn with petals. A sign: Hear THE KRISHNA SHOW Sunday at 7:30 A.M. on WNEW-FM. (And now . . . heeee-ere's Krishna!) Chanting resounds on a stereo. The chant is crucial. "God and His Name are not different," the Swami writes in *Back to Godhead*, his swell, color-printed, complete with comic strips, monthly house organ. "The Hare Krishna . . . is the great chanting to deliver the mind from all unwanted thoughts which keep us from realizing our true selves." Just a bit mechanistic, I think. But the kids eat it up apparently, and they want to convince me.

They are sworn to poverty, chastity (before marriage), and vegetables. Transcendental food, prasadam, is offered first to Krishna, whence the transcendence. And I know why Krishna leaves the sacrifice for his disciples. I am given a prasadam snack: Tastes mostly like chestnuts roasted by an open manhole, all bland pastels. I'm not about to join any faith that has renounced cheeseburgers. Tongue in cheek, I explain: Science has discovered sentence in carrots and eggplants; potatoes shriek when grated; how can Krishna justify taking a young turnip from its mother? They smile, heads lowered, wrapped hands in laps. I guess they're used to this sort of ironic resistance.

I center on one kid: nineteen, middle-class Jewish, seven months a disciple. Let's call him Irving Gandhi. Irving has been impressed by the Indian *schtick*, internal wisdom, power of passivity, meditation. He's trying to get the outward signs down pat: Talks kind of like Peter Sellers, you know: "Oh, goonies gracious—I have gone to Bombay hischool." Natural enough, how could any New York Jewish boy of 19 cope with sudden, unrelieved Eastern mysticism? How could his mother? "Oh," says Irving, "my mother doesn't understand." You betcha,

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In our next, D. Keith Mano reports on the Inauguration. . . . Nika Hazelton is at work on five books, simultaneously. . . . Gary Jay Williams will cover theater for us regularly.

Charlie. I imagine some dialogue, "Rose—you wouldn't believe . . . my son, he can't do something just so-so stupid—like marry a *shiksa*. He goes around now, bald in a bedsheet, with a sidelock like Uncle Isaac the Hassidim . . . only it comes out the back of his head. My son, the Hindu." And Irving, under lowered eyes, is fiery, intolerant of other faiths. His convert's fervor pleases me. But how will he cope at twenty-nine?

For Krishna Consciousness is difficult, fiercely alien. The kids sweat over their copies of Prabhupada's translations: *The Bhagavad-Gita as It Is*, *The Topmost Yoga System*, and that old favorite, *Easy Journey to Other Planets*. The kids, in rushing to convert me, step on one another's theological toes. There is nothing that one might fault—except, so to speak, style—it's a virtuous, venerable faith. Prabhupada has given the chant as a touchstone: He probably knows that his American children will be at sea from the word go. I don't think the prognosis is good: This crop will produce few middle-aged Krishnans. But meanwhile, at least, it keeps them on the streets. □

## THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

### Irish Stage Images

Above the bar, on the wide frosted windows of the dim Dublin pub, we see the gesturing shadow of poet-martyr Patrick Pearse and hear a crystal tenor voice ride across the crowd-stilled streets: "Bloodshed is a cleansing and sanctifying thing. . . . When war comes to Ireland she must welcome it as she would welcome the Angel of God." At the bar, a resident prostitute amens: "It's the sacred truth"; two old-timers rush inside to gargle down the rhetoric then rush back out for a refill; old tenement rivals Bessie Burgess and Mrs. Gogan square off in the center of the pub to pull hair and hell out of each other over respectability; and three flushed young IRA men enter to toast their star-eyed pledge to the banners they unfurl.

Such are the counterpointed images of Sean O'Casey's vision of the 1916

Irish uprising in his bursting play *The Plough and the Stars*, now at Lincoln Center. The presence of his work adds depth to the season and the critics are writing fondly of him. Around that Easter insurrection, which fired as many imaginations as it did shots, O'Casey sought to ring images of comedy, irony, disgrace, and dignity. But vivid as they are, the images seem far too many and too impacted, with too little human substance in between for us to care enough, a problem that must be laid both to the present production and, I'm sorry to conclude, to O'Casey's play itself.

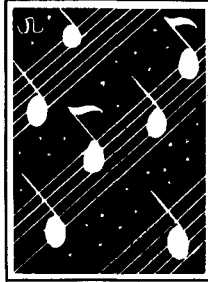
Consider the chief images he gives us in the third act. At opening, Mollser, the "consumptive child" (so entered in the list of characters), coughs and naps feebly on her Dublin tenement steps while bullets whine in distant O'Connell Street. Bessie Burgess, her son in the trenches of World War I, sings "Rule, Britannia" and goes off to loot—hand in hand with Mrs. Gogan bound in the same direction with a handy empty pram. Pretty Nora Clitheroe is dragged back from a night of hysterical searching for her Jack at the barricades; her not-too-sure young rebel then stumbles in carrying a sobbing young comrade ripped through the stomach. Nora drags Jack away into her arms, but he throws his pregnant wife aside and leaves, and she begins to miscarry in the street. Old Fluther (originally created by the Abbey Theatre's Barry Fitzgerald) comes back roaring from looting a pub, Bessie returns to find both Nora and the consumptive Mollser in need of a doctor and, braving the risk, sets out in the night to find one, while Mollser's thin, candle-lit face appears at the tenement window and the curtain falls, as they say.

A rich chaos to be sure, O'Casey's serious critics like to say, but the impact of it is diffused and superficially affective, if at all. It may have been out of his own personal warmth and involvements, but O'Casey presumed more compassion from his audience than his play elicits, more than this play could possibly have time to elicit. The present production shares the

blame, but O'Casey was fortunate to have all that the original Abbey Players could bring to a play. We scarcely know Nora and Jack, Mollser, or Bessie better than one would from the above synopsis. O'Casey's images sometimes seem those of the bold-stroke drama, the melodrama, or of a well-etched partisan poster. When, in the last act, a weary Bessie is shot in the back by the British as she is trying to keep the now quite mad Nora away from a window, it is a not unmoving moment out of Käthe Kollwitz, but it comes close to being figurative before it becomes human. Some of the melodrama may be laid to the date of the play—1926—as well as some of the now unsubtle irony, such as the ending scene where two British soldiers sit to tea with Bessie's body at their feet. But did O'Casey really ever expect to establish love between Nora and Jack mainly by having Jack sing a ballad to her (and, of all the possibilities, to the tune of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie")?

At Lincoln Center O'Casey's play gets exactly what it can least afford—a lack of company interplay and the warm smells of lived life. Hard-working cast that it is, there is far more manner than matter. From O'Casey's wonderfully rich language one hears many words but few thoughts, and director Dan Sullivan has let whole acts move on one tone, unshaded and unvaried, seeming to work for broad effects rather than shaping each human collision. This is not a company that has been given the creative comfort to explore a play together. Left to individual resources Roberta Maxwell is sometimes touching as Nora, Pauline Flanagan's strong-faced Bessie Burgess is fine, and Beckett-specialist Jack MacGowran leaves the singular sense of real presence and authenticity. The sets are too warmly pretty; O'Casey has specified, for instance, that not one, but all *except* one of the panes are gone from that Georgian fan window above the tenement door.

THERE IS more Irish theater newly to be found in New York under the name of The Abbey Theatre on East 13th Street. There, actor Shay Duffin is performing as Brendan Behan, writer, rebel, and pub reveler. It is a congenial evening, though it might be better shared in a pub to a pint of Guinness. Duffin is a darlin' man, a good actor,



affectionate, pugnacious, ribald, and a close image of Behan. It's a lovely irony that, as a onetime Upholsterer by Royal Appointment, this gentle impersonator of Behan was called upon to repair Princess Margaret's toilet seat at her spring residence in Warwick. But Behan cannot give to Duffin the substance Twain gave Hal Holbrook, Dickens gave Emlyn Williams, or Shaw gave Max Adrian. One wishes there had been more poetry than stout. □

## DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

### Counterfood

I like to contemplate lifestyles other than my own, like the one seen on a bus ad on which a pale young lady, with nary a trace of emotion, proclaims: "My man wears English Leather (or some such perfume) all over." Her man is a buxom, curly-haired youth with the fatuous expression of a petted hound dog, who floats over a row of bottles and containers. But the "all over" is not what you think, friends, for Her Man sports a pair of black trunks, made no doubt of English leather, which I find touching in our pornographic times. I can't help wondering about this couple. Does he wear perfume to please her or because he feels good about it? Does she sniff him lest he forget to put it on? Can he eat bacon and eggs, or must he stick to cereal and milk because their smells do not clash with his? Is this the beginning of tournaments where the knights joust not with lances, but with smells? Will I ever know?

But maybe lifestyles are not so different after all. I have it on good authority that the main subject of conversation at communes is food. This year, there have been a number of countercultural cookbooks, some of which are excellent. The best and most interesting is *Country Commune Cooking*, by Lucy Horton (Coward, McCann, \$4.95). Miss Horton spent a year visiting communes all over America gathering recipes. Along with each recipe, she describes the commune of its origin. "I think," she says, "that most rural 'hippie communes' should prove to be centered not on lurid sex or violent politics but on food."

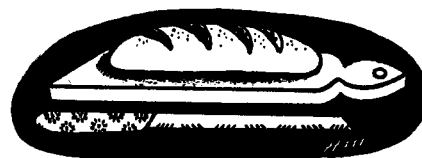
Communards are fascinated by food, just as squares are. So is the long-haired elite, for whom a new restaurant guide has just been published. It's the funniest book I have seen in years, marvelous to read aloud. Not only that, it is a great service to all New York restaurant-goers because it tells it like it is, namely that most restaurants have poor food and service. The book, called *Word of Mouth*, is a paperback published by Mixed Media for \$2.95. The author is Jim Quinn, an underground writer from Philadelphia, who has never heard the word euphemism. He gives and takes with equanimity, describing surroundings, customers, service, and food in detail. Of one place, he says: "If you have a beard, and the slightest consideration for the digestion of your dinner partner, avoid ordering the ugly mess [Lobster à l'Américaine]; it will make you look like a technicolor version of the Lon Chaney Werewolf, right after a successful attack on a fat hemophiliac." Of another: "Stuffed mussels are an outstanding appetizer: they are big, fresh, and sweet, served icy cold, with lots of currants and pine nuts in the rice stuffing. The only problem is that there are only four of them, making this a very small portion."

ANOTHER amusing part of the book is the introduction, where Mr. Quinn goes into the funny-business connected with some of the other New York restaurant guides. He points out what all of us food folks know, that some of the guides contain information that is years out of date, simply wrong, or deliberately falsified. This chapter, "How To Use This Restaurant Guide; How To Use Your Old Restaurant Guide with Don't Trust the *New York Times*, Don't Trust *New York Magazine*, Don't Be a Masochist, Don't Trust Writing Factories, Don't Trust *Cue Guide to Dining*, Don't Trust This Restaurant Guide Book Either," alone makes the book worthwhile because it casts an interesting light on the goings-on among restaurant reviewers and publishers. Most instructive, and I haven't heard Mr. Quinn contradicted yet.

From the publicity release that came with the book, I learned that Mr. Quinn has very long hair and that he sometimes encounters hostility from the owners, waiters, and customers of restaurants. Since I have neat hair piled in a bun, and my lifestyle is such that restaurants welcome me, a conserva-

tively dressed middle-aged party, I thought it would be fun to see how one of the posher places, seeing Mr. Quinn and me together, would react. So, we got together. He is a mature young man and his shiny, really lovely waist-length hair is offset by his beard, moustache, and manly bearing. On the day of our outing, he wore a neat but dashing brown crushed-velvet suit.

IN OUR preliminaries, the awful fact that I work (enthusiastically) for NATIONAL REVIEW had been disclosed; I feel that he approached me with trepidation, a trepidation that continued during our meal; our behavior to each other was the politest, cordialest, and stateliest. Did he think I would arrive in a white sheet rather than a black silk dress, with my dear little fiery cross? I don't know, but I was easier than he. We had arranged to go to the Lafayette, an expensive (but not one of the most expensive) French restaurant that has a reputation for snootiness. The restaurant had been warned of the long hair, but said it was all right if it was clean. When we came, to the Lafayette's credit, they really tried hard to hide their wondering glances at Mr.



Quinn's hair and our status. Was I his aunt, his keeper, or his keepee? Our table was not totally hidden from the others, but a little darker, understandably. We were well served, though I could detect a certain note of caution. In return for the restaurant's politeness, our behavior was lordly and affable, and we drank good wine, which I chose since I seemed to know more about it. The food at the Lafayette is all right, better than the usual French places, but too expensive—at something around \$70 for two, with a drink each and a bottle of wine.

In conclusion, I agree with Mr. Quinn that the posh places are somewhat kinder to long-haired people than medium-priced or cheap ones. You never know if a Beautiful Person is not lurking under yon strands of hair, is their attitude. I also think there is no greater protection for the richer counterculture people in restaurants than a middle-aged, conservative party like myself. □

# BOOKS

## Big, Muddy

FRANK N. TRAGER

*The Best and the Brightest*

By David Halberstam

Random House, 688 pp., \$10

In a concluding author's note, David Halberstam tells us that he started to write a piece on McGeorge Bundy, "the most glistening of the Kennedy-Johnson intellectuals." It became a twenty-thousand-word profile. "I realized," he continues, "I had only begun to scratch the surface and I wanted to find out the full reasons why it [the war in Vietnam] had all happened, I wanted to know the full context of the decisions, as well as how they were made. Why had they crossed the Rubicon? . . . So I set out to study the men [of the Kennedy-Johnson era, the "architects of a war"] and their decisions, . . . attitudes, the country, its institutions, and, above all, the era which allowed this tragedy to take place. . . . Why had it happened?"

Thus we have *The Best and the Brightest*: some 665 pages, no table of contents, with an incomplete index, a brief, tendentious bibliography, almost six hundred words to the page containing the results of "some five hundred interviews" (unreferenced because of the allegedly inhibiting "political climate"), "seeing some people as many as ten times," careful reading—the author's phrase, not mine—of the literature of the period (but not a single footnote). All this and the author's apologia pro vita sua: A reporter for the *New York Times* in Saigon in 1962, he believed "in the value of the effort . . . it seemed to be a test of two political systems . . . I thought our system the better . . . [but] affected primarily by Neil Sheehan . . . and Bernard Fall . . . in the fall of 1963 I came to the conclusion that it [the U.S. involvement in Vietnam] was doomed and that we were on the wrong side of history. . . . Like almost everyone I know who has been involved in Vietnam, I am haunted by it, by the fact that somehow I was not better, that somehow it was all able to happen."

Halberstam, 1964 Pulitzer Prize-winner for reporting, author of *The Making of a Quagmire* (1965), may, for all I know, still be punishing himself for his failure to bring the war to an early end, but he is apparently no longer haunted by it. For he has discovered, he believes, the causes of our collective doom and, presumably, the right side of history.

*The Best and the Brightest* is by any standard a book of prodigious and seriously faulted labor. It will win—

it has already deservedly won—praise for many of its insights into Washington bureaucratic processes among the key "players" and decision-makers. It will be justifiably criticized for many of its pseudopsychological judgments based upon its all-pervading, one-sided, political-biographical approach to the history of an epoch. Each reader will have to decide how to read and judge this book. For example, it may be consid-

ered as a type of psychodrama from which "truth" emerges by exposing the cast of interacting characters, or as a sample of a current fad called psychohistory and advocacy journalism. Illustrative of these is the author's treatment of Lyndon Baines Johnson during the 1960s, who is "analyzed" as a basically "insecure," inferiority-ridden Texan, in awe before the presumably upper-class Eastern "intellectual" establishment, dominated by his "strong" mother, and hence always seeking to display and assert his masculinity, his ability to control any situation in which he was involved, including control over the establishment. Or, again, *The Best and the Brightest* may be considered as a sprawling historical novel with a cast of real characters who nonetheless reveal to Halberstam their inner thought and dialogue with others.

The good guys are not numerous in Halberstam's account. Good means: Do not get into the Indochinese war; do not "escalate" the war; oppose the military bosses, cut your losses, and get out of the war; admit your failure; tell the "truth" to the Presidents and other



## RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** The gorgons may get Wallace Rebyrn for *The Inferior Sex* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95). . . . Nicholas Bethell's *The War Hitler Won* studies the blitz in Poland (Holt, \$10). . . . Dr. Gabriel G. Nahas of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons marshals the scientific evidence against pot in *Marihuana—Deceptive Weed* (Raven, \$12.50). . . . Djilas' *Memoir of a Revolutionary* deals with his life before World War II (Harcourt, \$12). . . . From the same house, the second volume of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's letters and diaries, *Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*, extends from 1929 through 1932 (\$7.95). . . . Margery Weiner's *The Sovereign Remedy* is a study of Europe after Waterloo (St. Martin's, \$8.95). . . . Lucy Freeman says *Your Mind Can Cure the Common Cold* (Wyden, \$5.95). . . . Galbraith recounts his trip in *A China Passage* (Houghton, \$6.95).

■ **SPRING AT HARPER:** It looks interesting. John D. Rockefeller III urges *The Second American Revolution*, and his prescriptions may scare even brother Nelson (Feb., \$6.50). . . . Elizabeth Longford now surveys the later, statesman years of *Wellington: Pillar of State* (March, \$10). . . . Eric Hoffer's new one is an aphoristic collection of *Reflections on the Human*

*Condition* (Feb., \$4.95). . . . Don't say we didn't warn you about Erich (Love Story) Segal's *Fairy Tale* (March, \$4.95). . . . Kenneth Clark follows *Civilisation* with *The Romantic Rebellion: Romantic versus Classic Art* (June, \$15, illustrated). . . . Shirley Chisholm's *The Good Fight* describes what the publisher calls "her extraordinary presidential campaign" (April, \$7.95). . . . Tom Wolfe's *The New Journalism* is an annotated anthology (May, \$10.95).

■ **MAY TITLES:** *Bringing up the Rear* is the autobiography of S. L. A. Marshall (Scribners, \$10). . . . Jim Bishop's *The Secret Heart* is said to offer new disclosures about FDR's death (Putnam, \$9.95). . . . For the same publisher, Rita Dallas tells about nursing the Founding Father for his last eight years in *The Kennedy Case* (\$6.95). . . . T. R. Fehrenbach has written a big *History of Mexico* (Macmillan, \$12.95). . . . From the same publisher, Glenn Infield's *The Poltova Affair* reports a little-known episode in World War II wherein Russia sabotaged the U.S. Air Force (\$6.95). . . . Fiction from Knopf: Willie Morris' first novel, *The Last of the Southern Girls* (\$6.95); a new collection of John Cheever stories, *The World of Apples* (\$5.95); and Evan S. Connell's *Points for a Compass Rose* (\$6.95). . . . From the same house but autobiographical is Anthony Burgess' *The Clockwork Condition* (\$6.95; paper, \$2.45).

leaders; do not tell lies. The good guys among his players are: Chester Bowles, Averell Harriman, George Ball, Roger Hilsman, John McNaughton, Paul Katzenberg, Daniel Ellsberg, Michael Forrestal, General David M. Shoup, Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Vann, and a very few others.



The bad guys are legion. Bad means the obverse of good. The bad guys include President Kennedy (who, Halberstam claims, was slowly changing in late 1963; he might have made the "good" category in 1964), especially President Johnson, Robert S. McNamara, the two Bundys, W. W. Rostow, Joseph Alsop, Generals Maxwell D. Taylor, Paul D. Harkins, William C. Westmoreland, and on, on, on—a veritable rogues' gallery that, in the last few pages of the book, after it had "ended" with Johnson in 1968, is enlarged to include President Nixon and Henry Kissinger. Secretary of

State Dean Rusk receives ambiguous treatment but, on balance, is seemingly thrown into the bad category.

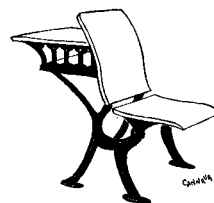
**T**HE STORY LINE is carried forward primarily by psychopolitical biography. The bad guys are all convicted of the sin of hubris and the corruption of power. We could not, nay, cannot, extricate ourselves from the war because those who had (have) the power would not admit their grievous error. We and the world suffer from their "lies," "deceit," "arrogance."

There is a second, supportive theme. We Americans are the protagonists of the cold war. Despite his apparent respect for the current revisionist historians who attempt to prove that the United States is guilty of causing the cold war, Halberstam does not quite go that far. But cold warriors are we, especially as a result of the Acheson-Dulles policies of the late 1940s and 1950s; and even more especially because McCarthyism imposed on us the legacy of another sin, anti-Communism.

According to this doctrine our perpetuation of the cold war and our abiding anti-Communism led us to misunderstand Communist China, to confuse Ho Chi Minh the Communist with Ho Chi Minh the Nationalist.

The heroes of Halberstam's cold-war theme are the three Johns: Vincent, Service, and Davies. If only they and a few others related to them were back at State in the 1960s, "had it worked out that way . . . it might all have been different" because these men were "genuine" area experts.

**H**ALBERSTAM's treatment of this second theme compels consideration of a key point. He writes: "A question that was almost never raised was whether the Vietnamese might or might not be better off under Ho, and to what



degree the success of the Vietcong was a reflection of this." His answer to this truly important question is never forthrightly given, but the implication of his scattered thoughts on this issue clearly indicates an affirmative answer, as when he cites a de Gaulle view that even if Vietnam/Indochina goes Communist, "it will be a messy kind of Communism . . . more of a problem for them [the Russians and the Chinese] than for us."

But more significant than this Gaulist answer is Halberstam's view of Ho as a "Communist" who might also have been primarily a Vietnamese nationalist under no orders from Moscow. This benign view of Ho, so dear to the Old Left, New Left, Maoist Left, many left liberals, and pacifists, falsifies Ho's history. Halberstam ignores Ho's Stalinist political history.

Halberstam does raise what he correctly calls "the most important question of Vietnam": whether "to go all the way in or all the way out." He correctly tells us that this question "did not in any way provoke the greatest bureaucratic struggles of the period." Nor does Halberstam, though recognizing its importance, tell us very much, despite the almost 400,000 words of text, about how the question was debated in the government. The deliberations of the professional military leadership apparatus were cast aside by Kennedy, Johnson, and Secretary of Defense McNamara. →

Surely the leading military professionals knew—and know now—that if we enter a war it is necessary to apply the maximum necessary power in the shortest possible time with least civilian damage to defeat the enemy. But neither President Kennedy nor President Johnson was willing to order the application of this first principle of war. In a throw-away clause, and in another context, Halberstam notes that both Kennedy and Johnson thought they could win the war “on the cheap.” They used an incremental policy, pausing between punches, thereby allowing the enemy to recover with the aid of Moscow and Peking. The military—or at least some of them—opposed this, but they never presented a *consistent, united* Air, Navy, and Army, *sustained* opposition. Their internal service differences also contributed to the tragedy.

**W**HAT Halberstam has written should be read as one facet of *Why Vietnam*. Space runs out, but I wish to call the reader's attention to two items in the book, widely separated by pages and personalities, but essentially fitting together as part of the answer to *Why Vietnam*: A conversation between rough-talking General Curtis LeMay and the “glistening intellectual” from Harvard, McGeorge Bundy (p. 462) and a draft of a National Security Paper, known as Nassam 288 (p. 354), part of those papers purloined by Daniel Ellsberg and published as the Pentagon Papers. John McNaughton, a “good guy,” was the draftsman; he had originally prepared it for a McNamara Report. Both LeMay and McNaughton refer to peoples and states that succumbed or “were lost” to “Communist dominance.” McNaughton writes in the idiom of a policy paper. LeMay talks in the gruff tones of the Strategic Air

Command. We are more accustomed to McNaughton's prose but both say that if we lack the will, more peoples and states will fall to Communist dominance. “The South Vietnam conflict,” writes McNaughton, “is regarded [“not only in Asia but in the rest of the world”] as a test case of U.S. capacity to help a nation meet a Communist ‘war of liberation.’”

We have not yet passed that test. □

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*The Diffusion of Power: An Essay in Recent History*

By W. W. Rostow

Macmillan, 739 pp., \$12.50

## LAOS: A MISSED CONFRONTATION

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Henry Kissinger is reported to have said once that Vietnam may be one of those issues that destroy everyone who touches them. He may have been thinking of his own future. He may have been thinking of men like Lyndon Johnson and his able adviser, Walt Rostow, author of this massive and fascinating volume, which Rostow describes as “one man's view of the years 1957-72.” Perhaps the word *destroy* is too strong but certainly Rostow's place in American academic and public life is at a far lower level today than it was a decade ago when he entered the service of President Kennedy. That is the price he and others have paid for involvement in decision-making about Vietnam.

Vietnam has been a war without heroes, a war of whiz-kids, computers, and latter-day imitations of Thomas Gradgrind, who was described by Dickens as “a man of facts and calculation. . . . With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket . . . the most complicated social questions were cast up, got into exact tables, and finally settled.” Neither the military nor the Gradgrinds were able to win this war. For let us face it: Whatever the outcome, a superpower has spent a decade on what started out as a police operation and has lost far more than it could win even if the President has seen the Gate of Heavenly Peace in person or

has ordered bombings of North Vietnam from Moscow while discussing detente with Moscow.

Dr. Rostow's book is, of course, about many more events and places than Vietnam. He was Chairman of the State Department Policy Planning Council; in the White House, he was adviser to President Kennedy, and later, special assistant to President Johnson for National Security Affairs. His book is really three books. It is the examination by a gifted political scientist-historian-economist of the Johnson Administration and may, therefore, be recommended without reservation to any scholar in these fields. (Chapter 33, “The Organization of National Security Affairs,” is Rostow at his professional best.)

It also is a superb recounting of contemporary history seeking to explain the basic structural changes which shape the world today. Rostow starts his history with 1957, a felicitous choice since it marked the beginning of the debate in the second Eisenhower Administration as to whether American troops should enter an Asian land war. And it is the question of American participation in an Asian land war which is the third and most important facet of Rostow's volume.

**R**OSTOW SPEAKS certainties that are empirically unprovable and offers conclusions that are ethically ambiguous. For example, consider Rostow's gravamen against President Kennedy concerning Laos:

With hindsight . . . I would judge Kennedy's failure more promptly and decisively to deal with the violation of the Laos accords the greatest single error in American policy of the 1960s; for before too long he and his successor were confronted with “the waning situation” a good many of us had feared might emerge in Vietnam.

This is a serious indictment against President Kennedy, one which he fails to bring against President Johnson. Rostow assumes that if there had been an American confrontation with Hanoi on the issue of violation of the Laos accords, and if there had been “a more direct use of American military power to interdict infiltration on the ground” in Laos and the southern half of North Vietnam, there might not have been the Southeast Asian crisis that continues today.

The crucial question, unanswered by

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**Dr. Frank Trager** is Professor of International Affairs at New York University specializing in Southeast Asian studies. . . . **Arnold Beichman** has recently published *Nine Lies about America*. . . . **Hiram Caton**, author of a book on the history of philosophy, is currently a research fellow at Australian National University in Canberra. . . . **John Coyne**, a regular NR contributor, is on the staff of the Vice President. . . . **Donald Coxe**, NR's Canadian correspondent, is an attorney who wrote NR's first coverage of the *Edgar Smith* case ten years ago.

Rostow, is: How significant could such a confrontation be while the U.S. accepted North Vietnam's immunity from ground-force counterinvasion, an immunity that North Vietnam considered apodictic? Kennedy's "greatest single error" reflected the views of military and civilian experts—from Douglas MacArthur to Dean Rusk—fearful of open-ended Asian commitments. Rostow's view is not as generous as it should be to Kennedy who, having been elected by a minuscule plurality, could not imagine that he had a mandate—or even permission—to get involved in an Asian war. President Johnson's 1964 triumph might more easily have been interpreted in that way.

In fact, it may be argued that "the greatest single error in American policy of the 1960s" was not Kennedy's failure to deal promptly with violations of the Laos accords, but was rather the decision to engage in any negotiations at all with Hanoi about Laos infiltration. The results of such negotiations, without self-enforcing provisions against violations, could have been foreseen. It is an old axiom that you do not win at the negotiating table what you have not won on the battlefields or jungle trails. Richard Nixon understood this in 1966 when he cited the Laos settlement as "the classic case history of how not to negotiate with the Communists."

It could be that the weakness of U.S. policy was not that it had a domino theory, but that it was focusing on the



wrong domino. When a mini-country of some two million people widely scattered over an area twice the size of Pennsylvania and living in pre-industrial poverty some six thousand miles from the United States becomes as crucial to American foreign policy as did Laos in 1962, something may be wrong with that policy, or with the policymakers' assessment of non-nuclear military capabilities, or both.

Enough. Rostow has produced a controversial but intelligent analysis of American foreign and domestic policies in a critical period. It will be an indispensable reference for those who will ask: Where in the 1960s did it all go wrong? □

## Tradition and Authority

By Carl J. Friedrich

Praeger, 144 pp., \$6

## WATERSHED FOR CONSERVATIVES

HIRAM CATON

Those familiar with Professor Friedrich's writings will expect him to make a stout case for tradition and authority, and they will not be disappointed. As he points out, the case is not easily put in the American political context, because our tradition is in no small degree antitraditional. A similar point has been made by other authors, some of them conservatives, who say that the American political tradition is primarily liberal. This local bias is rather well developed in political science, where it governs such distinctions as "authoritarian" government and places reason in opposition to tradition.

Friedrich rightly subjects these concepts to criticism. "Authoritarianism" is a polemical term which promiscuously mingles all non-democratic regimes, although they have nothing in common. The democrat, however, imagines that they are all despotic; hence, he identifies authority with coercion. At this point the concept of authority becomes hopelessly confused, since, as Friedrich points out, authority and force or power are quite distinct things. Those regimes that political scientists usually call authoritarian are regimes in which force has largely replaced authority.

To explicate the concept of authority, Friedrich draws out the significance of Aristotle's statement that man is a rational and a political animal. Being rational does not mean here, as it came to mean later, using the state to implement a utopian game-plan. It means that men typically cannot act without giving themselves reasons for acting, or that man is political because he cannot live by instinct. But the reasons appropriate to political life are of a different order from reasons appropriate in science, for they do not admit of strict demonstration. And even if they did, the fact would remain that political associations are not learned societies. In the absence of universally understandable demonstrations, men make do with the better or more probable

reasons. And since political associations are also not the debating society so dear to J. S. Mill, they require a set of authoritative reasons that govern life. Friedrich therefore argues that authority is based on the capacity for giving good and convincing reasons.

The most authoritative individuals and institutions will accordingly be those that are most effective in deliberating and persuading the people. Although he does not expressly say so, his repeated commendation of rhetoric as the art of discovering probable arguments indicates that, in Friedrich's scheme of things, the true statesman is the master rhetorician.

At this point Friedrich parts company with Aristotle, who knew this position from the Greek teachers of rhetoric. Let us put Aristotle's criticism this way. If political reasons do not admit of demonstration, it follows that there is no political science in the strict sense. Friedrich seems to accept this inference in his chapter "Tradition and the Science of Politics," in which he



states his criticisms of political science. Into what category, then, are we to place Professor Friedrich's knowledge? Surely it is not of the persuasive kind, since neither he nor any other professor can compete with the authority of successful politicians.

Considerations such as these led Aristotle to conclude that there is a political knowledge distinct from what is found in the marketplace, and he called it political science. Its office, among other things, is to distinguish good from bad reasons. Friedrich engages in political science when he criticizes modern political science for failure to understand that tradition and authority are necessary to any enduring regime. This and other similar propositions about the nature of politics put one in the position to distinguish good from bad reasons and to discover a natural hierarchy of values, whose existence Friedrich denies. His position thus approaches conventionalism—or in modern terms, positivism—but like other thoughtful conventionalists, he appreciates the importance of tradition.

Here indeed is a watershed dividing many modern conservatives from the conservatism of classical thinkers such

as Aristotle. Moderns talk about tradition and permanent truths, but in the crunch, they teach, from Burke to Kendall, that tradition is made by the people; their critique of rationalism is thus tacitly based on the premise, vox populi, vox dei. Classical authors were free of this democratic bias because they were sure that the power of convention is limited by human nature. But since the science of human nature, like every science, is confined to a few, authority must prevail in politics. Because men lack knowledge, and are often unwilling to act upon it when it is available, authority is politically inseparable from coercion, although the two are distinguishable.

One may go further and say that probably no political authority was ever created or destroyed except by use of force that put men in terror of their lives. This is not because terror as such has any pedagogical efficacy, but because the struggle to death makes men distinguish between what they regard as essential and what they regard as frivolous. The authoritative men in all political traditions are nearly always those who established their earnestness by risking or forfeiting their lives in a struggle. *Non est potestas super terram quae comparetur.* □

## MYSTERIES

*The Porkchoppers*

By Ross Thomas

Morrow, 246 pp., \$6.95

*First Blood*

By David Morrell

Evans, 248 pp., \$5.95

*Cops and Robbers*

By Donald E. Westlake

Evans, 286 pp., \$5.95

## THREE FOR TIRED BLOOD

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Sick of the increasingly silly crop of contemporary novels about such things as a single mammary gland? Tired of sex/menopause (male or female)/what's the meaning of it all?/oh to hell with it/formula fiction? Bewildered by abstruse PhD-ish fictional experiments? If so, try a dose of mystery-suspense.

Everything we value most in the novelistic tradition is alive and kicking in the genre, and any one of these three will prove it.

Ross Thomas, who won an Edgar in 1966 for *The Cold War Swap*, improves with each novel. And *The Porkchoppers* is his finest to date.



A "porkchopper" is a labor-union official regarded by his membership as primarily interested in taking care of himself, and the plot of Thomas' novel centers in the

campaign of an engaging alcoholic incumbent porkchopper union president running for re-election against a rug-chewing porkchopper opponent.

The campaign is a fascinating one, framed in the intricate unfolding of a contract that has been put out on the incumbent's life. And there is a totally satisfying twist ending. But what makes *The Porkchoppers* a superior novel is its magnificent characterization. The central figures are quintessential politicians, and the secondary characters who richly populate this novel will be immediately recognizable to anyone familiar with the people who cluster around powerful men.

*The Porkchoppers* is a suspense novel, but it is also a first-rate political novel of manners, with strong echoes of *The Last Hurrah* and *All the King's Men*. The pace is superb, the plot brilliantly intricate, the dialogue crackling and witty. Read it.

THE SETTING for David Morrell's *First Blood* is Madison, Kentucky and the hills and forests which surround it. Morrell makes use of the countryside in a way that most contemporary American writers seem incapable of doing (James Dickey almost brought it off, but *Deliverance* suffered from excessive reliance on literary convention).

Rambo, a long-haired Vietnam veteran and drifter, lingers around the outskirts of Madison. Teasle, a short-haired Korea veteran and Madison's police chief, doesn't want him there. Rambo decides he's been pushed around long enough, Teasle arrests him, Rambo escapes, and a magnificent manhunt ensues. The hunted becomes the hunter and the suspense of the chase builds excruciatingly to one of the finest climaxes in suspense fiction.

This is a chase novel. But like all fine chase novels, it is also a novel of character. As the hunt proceeds, we discover that both Rambo and Teasle are men of honor, each determined to live up to his code. It would have been easy to make Rambo the personification of the long-haired victim of American crew-cut repression, as represented by Teasle. But Morrell doesn't take the easy way. At the end of the novel we sympathize with both Rambo and Teasle, and we respect them for refusing to compromise. Neither is a stereotype. Each is a man.

*First Blood* will be read in many ways. Some will see it as a parable against the dehumanizing effects of war. Others will find in it an affirmation of something we don't talk much about these days—the possibility that only in combat, guided by an individual code of honor, can man achieve the nobility inherent in him.

MYSTERY AFICIONADOS are an unclassifiable crew, ranging from New York college professors to Fairbanks go-go dancers, and I've discussed our common literary passion with many of them, often under unusual conditions.

One of my favorite mystery fans, Charlie Schaefer, a wanderer who currently works in the bus depot in Madison, Wisconsin, has been urging me for years to read Donald Westlake. And I've tried. But Westlake is a very special sort of mystery writer, the rare type who specializes in farce and slapstick. The problem with this approach is that it's hard to be consistently funny about a subject like crime, and after several slapstick mystery novels the whimsy grows a bit wearing.

But in *Cops and Robbers* Westlake successfully breaks the mold, retaining enough humor to satisfy his longtime fans but adding sufficient depth for those of us who want a bit more. Two New York policemen, underpaid and unappreciated, make a deal with the Mafia to pay them \$2 million for stolen bearer-bonds. The rogue cops pull off their bearer-bond operation, elude their fellow police, and bamboozle the Mafiosi who are determined not to let them get away with the \$2 million.

Everything about *Cops and Robbers* is first-rate—the plotting is ingenious, the suspense is intense and sustained, the point of view is manipulated expertly, and the ending is surprisingly gratifying. But perhaps the best thing

about *Cops and Robbers* is Westlake's ability to dramatize the daily lives of his central characters, the emptiness and alienation that finally forces them to metamorphose from cops to robbers. Charlie Schaefer was right. Donald Westlake is a first-rate novelist. □

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### Getting Out

By Edgar Smith

Coward, McCann, 256 pp., \$6.95

## A RE-ENTRY PROBLEM

DONALD COXE

For more than a decade the question of the guilt or innocence of Edgar Smith has been a subject of concern to thousands. Although his long battle with the law is now finished, the question remains unresolved. With the publication of this book, Edgar Smith becomes guilty of at least one misdemeanor: writing a disappointing book.

In 1957 Smith was convicted of the murder of a young girl and was sentenced to death. In December 1971 he was released from prison after "the longest continuous criminal litigation in American judicial history." During those 14 years he had numerous execution dates set, only to have them postponed by some new legal stratagem. On one occasion he was within hours of death when the reprieve was granted. He was sustained in this unparalleled campaign by William F. Buckley Jr., who helped publicize the case, and gave time, money, and encouragement when needed. In appreciation of this support, Smith dedicates the book to Buckley.

During his stay in Trenton Death House, Smith became an author, writing two notable books—*Brief against Death*, a quartz-hard account of his trial, and *A Reasonable Doubt*, an autobiographical novel that contains perhaps the most realistic narrative of a murder trial in recent fiction. *Brief against Death* was widely praised for its unexpectedly flat, unemotional prose. In *Getting Out* the flatness too often becomes flatulence, and an opportunity to write a memorable autobiography of a singular human experience is largely muffled. The book recounts the events leading to Smith's release on probation, picking up where *Brief against Death* left off. The evidence given in the mur-

der trial is reiterated in a prologue and an appendix, making it unnecessary for the reader to refer to the earlier book to understand the factual material presented.

For 14 years Smith lived in a cell 8 feet by 8 feet "painted vomit green," which included as furnishings a bed with no pillow, a cold water tap and sink, and a toilet having neither seat nor lid. When he entered prison he was a sleazy, barely literate slob, yet somehow he became not only an accomplished writer but a jailhouse lawyer able to conduct most of his litigation by himself. When one of his handwritten appeals was being dismissed, the judge remarked that it had been prepared with the "consummate skill of a seasoned practitioner." Smith's transformation was so extraordinary that many observers concluded that the question of his guilt was irrelevant because the man convicted in 1957 no longer existed.

This may be the final meaning of the Smith case, because the struggle ended with a guilty plea. Ironically, after steadfastly maintaining his innocence for 14 years, Smith could only gain his freedom by confessing. After a career of appeals, writs of habeas corpus, certiorari, and mandamus, Smith learned that the state also could use delaying tactics and he was forced to make a deal. By confessing, he let New Jersey claim that it was right all along; it demonstrated its compassion by releasing him on parole. Although one might think it inconceivable that a man would be better off admitting to a brutal murder than denying his guilt, on this absurd note the Smith case ended.

THE REAL story of Edgar Smith is an important, possibly unique tale. *Getting Out* tantalizes the reader with occasional glimpses of the important parts of the story, but is largely devoted to legalistic discussions and editorializing. The reportorial detachment of *Brief against Death* is replaced with a shrill partisanship. Although the reader may sympathize with Smith's hatred of "Jersey justice," the ex parte nature of the book weakens the criticism. Smith tells us very little of life on the inside, and gives us rather too much of his view of life on the outside. He seems to feel that he can only re-enter polite society by trying to sound like a McGovern speechwriter. Most of his sneering comments about American society

have nothing to do with the subject under discussion and they appear as indecorous interpolations. For example, when Smith is agonizing about the proposed deal, he tries to face up to the fact that many people will always believe him guilty. He dismisses them as nonentities who probably "cheer Nixon and idolize Agnew, thinking the latter is some great intellectual because he can pass the *Reader's Digest* vocabulary test."

He is even an unimpressive witness on the question of prison rebellion. He characterizes Attica as the day "Rockefeller's Storm Troopers went in and tried to shoot everyone but the bird in the warden's cuckoo clock." His comments on the settlement in the Rahway revolt worked out by Governor Cahill are in similar vein: "The next time he will not buy back the hostages alive with meaningless promises. The next time he will get them back dead."

*Getting Out* is, nonetheless, a useful book for those who are interested in the criminal appellate process. Its failure lies in its evasion of the truly important questions in the Smith case. By comparison with Smith's previous books, it is a weak, whining apologia. The contrast with *Brief against Death* is so marked that one wonders whether Smith is having difficulty adjusting to life on the outside or whether he gave too much of himself in that deal for freedom. Perhaps "Jersey justice" won after all. □

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

LONDON IN THE AGE OF CHAUCER, by A. R. Myers (*Oklahoma*, 236 pp., \$3.50). Doubtless there were ways in which the London of the fourteenth century was like the London (or any other large city) of today, but they do not come to mind as a result of reading this book. Chaucer's London was a town of, say, forty thousand souls, in which anomie was virtually unknown, violence to some degree socially acceptable, and time taken up by work (mostly), play, and pageantry; in which, if the money-changers were not in the temple, certainly the hucksters were in the church and the dancers in the churchyard; and in which there was one brewery for every thirty inhabitants. The conduits flowed with wine on great holidays, the schools had contests in football and cockfighting on Shrove Tuesday, curfew rang at 9 P.M.

(Continues on page 225)

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 223)

in the summer and 8 P.M. in the winter, and the average working day was between 14 or 15 hours. From time to time it is necessary to remember not only that human nature does not change, but that human circumstances change greatly: Professor Myers does a good job of reminding us of that change.

J. C. LOBDELL

**THE JAPANESE AND THE JEWS**, by *Isaiah Ben-Dasan* (Weatherhill, 193 pp., \$6.95). A million-seller last year in Japan, now ably translated by Richard Gage, this handsomely designed book may be the work of a Caucasian Jew born and raised in Japan, as Mr. Ben-Dasan describes himself, or, as many Japanese believe, the author may be Japanese. As perceptive about the Jews as was Ernest van den Haag's *The Jewish Mystique* (another book many of whose readers insisted only a Jew could write), Mr. Ben-Dasan's work is even more illuminating about the Japanese. Similarities between the two peoples are few and differences are many. Believing that "the only meaningful comparisons are those that attempt to find and analyze differences," the author set out, partly via anecdote, partly objectively, partly theoretically, to tell his co-nationals (Japanese) about themselves, knowing, as we know about both Jews and Japanese, that they dote on studies about themselves. This reviewer, a Jew and a short-time resident in, and longtime student of, Japan, finds Ben-Dasan's book a tremendous success, particularly his delineation of "Nihonism" (*Nihon* is Japanese for Japan), a "religion" of Japanism that the author counterposes to Judaism, or Jewishness, thereby heightening our comprehension of both. Although addressed primarily to Japanese and secondarily to Jews, the book speaks to all who would understand either, or both, and to those, furthermore, who would comprehend the nature of prejudice.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

**COMBAT IN THE EROGENOUS ZONE**, by *Ingrid Bengis* (Knopf, 260 pp., \$6.95). In the August issue of *Encounter*, Robert Nisbet writes of the cult of *feeling*, emotion, canceling out all other more rigorous modes of approach to reality. "Worship infantilism and the absurd long enough, and one will become just that: infantile and absurd," he observes, speaking of the adulation of Youth. Miss Bengis' book is a case in point. Awash in emotions, she wants men to be tender, above all, to play the role, in fact, of mothers. At least she has progressed beyond unalloyed sensuality, but her plight is pitiful. She cries like a baby, too, when the bubble bursts and she is left with "an empty hollowness." A cautionary tale for the undisciplined young.

E. B. MEYER

## BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 211)

dead of drowning—he did not know how to swim. The rigger had not, according to the surveyor, properly crimped on the lifeline cable to the shackle fitting. If you like, another coupling had failed.

My local boatyard (in Stamford, Conn.), has now upped its basic hourly charge for work done on your boat, no matter how routine, to \$15 per hour. I do not believe it is engaged in profiteering. The City of Stamford, foraging about like all taxing authorities for insufficiently bled sources, pounced on the boatyards, without regard—to say the least—for the guidelines suggested by any of Mr. Nixon's various price boards. The effect on the marginal user of the yard is not yet known. It is bound to be substantial. It is bound to increase the desirability of yachts that are relatively maintenance-free, and increase the amount of home-tending by boat owners. But how is an amateur supposed to instruct a professional on such matters as how, soritically, to assure the linkage of a propeller all the way to the engine? I know that there is no easy answer, any more than there is an answer, this side of a stony-faced jury that levies draconian penalties on the delinquent, to deficient motivation. But increasingly I am tempted to believe that no matter how little you, or your representative, know of a technical nature, it probably pays always always: to have someone there. An acute eye can detect indecision; certainly it can detect sloth; and often sloppiness. Beyond that, a human circuit is activated, and clearly such a circuit needs to be revived, between workman and boat-owner. The nuts and bolts that occasionally get left behind in the jet engine probably wouldn't be, if the pilot had been there. His psychic presence doesn't appear to be enough. "I never *did* like that drive shaft assembly . . ." And as a matter of practice, I wonder if, when its serv-

ices are summoned, the Coast Guard shouldn't be encouraged to conduct quasijudicial investigations the purpose of which would be to censure ignorance, incompetence, or outright delinquency?

The water is the last area on earth where total spontaneity of movement is possible. The odds are benignly in favor of the sailor. But the odds build on certain assumptions, such as that workmen will competently use the expertise at their disposal, and advertise the case when the expertise does not pronounce reliably on the solution to a particular problem. Such as that if a chart indicates safe passage over a particular area, you can proceed. Certain of the sea's resources we cannot ever match—its occasional fitfulness, uncharted meannesses, occasional savagery. But the odds shouldn't close down against the sailor merely because those who are concerned with the sea become indifferent. There is a limit to how much the Coast Guard can be expected to take on, and I repeat in behalf of my family and friends, our gratitude that last August 29, the Coast Guard had a little scope left over for us. □

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## The Ennobling Dirty Movie

# On The Right

San Francisco, Jan. 24—Comes now the news that a new movie starring Marlon Brando will bring explicit sex to, so to speak, the feature film, the whole of it in this case under the ardent patronage of Miss Pauline Kael who says that the debut of *Last Tango in Paris* will rank artistically with the debut of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*. *Time Magazine* has done a cover story on the picture, describing in quite sufficient detail the couplings and the writhings of Mr. Brando and his victim and acknowledging—indeed pressing the point—that it isn't love that drew them together, but that he finds love, and so on, and so forth.

THE FILM was banned in Italy, whereupon one of those colloquies was arranged between Alberto Moravia and Jesuit theologian Domenico Grasso (where *do* they find those Jesuits?). Moravia—whose novels one recalls were placed on the Index by Pope Pius XII—said guess what. Right. And Father Grasso said that really the movie, whose sex scenes are “valid,” is a life and death struggle between Eros and Thanatos, and is redeemed because the film's director, Hot Pants Bertolucci, gave Eros the edge. Father Grasso concluded that it is “an appreciable work, especially if the people who see it are mature, capable of grasping the idea underneath.” Especially if the people who see it are Pauline Kael.

I do wish Adults would read *Trousered Apes*. It is a slender volume by a professor of literature, just now published in America by Arlington House, and it has not made the cover of *Time Magazine*. In England it was the nearest thing to a surreptitious volume since the days when pornography was effectively banned. Suddenly London looked up over its reading glasses and noticed that C. P. Snow, of all people, had hailed it as a book of enormous importance “perhaps the beginning of a major argument of the Seventies.” Malcolm Muggeridge said about Duncan Williams' book, “*Trousered Apes* [the title is taken from C. S. Lewis] is a cogently argued, highly intelligent, and devastatingly effective anatomization of what passes for culture today showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination.”

That last, if you had to boil down Mr. Williams' thesis, is it. You can't get away with it forever, he says. You cannot build art around the absurd, the perverse, the animalistic. There are artistic reasons why this will not work, he explains, with wonderfully deft illustrations and citations. And there are philosophical reasons. But the primary reasons are, really, biological. A race cannot hate itself, mock its ideals and institutions, and—survive. He is not, mind you, talking about survival in the Golden-Age-of-Literature sense. He is talking about life and death, period. He quotes Toynbee: “A failure of creative power in the minority, an answering withdrawal of mimesis on the part of the majority, [bring on] consequent loss.” That disunity, in an age impatient for apocalypse, would usher in either abject and formal defeat at the hands of a superpower; or, more likely, the kind of disintegration perfectly captured by Walker Percy in his novel, *Love in the Ruins*.

Professor Ernest van den Haag long since made the point about pornography that it should exist, must exist, but that it is important that it should be sold under the counter, the point being that that is where it should be situated by the common consent of civilized society. Dirty movies should look the way that two-stroke outboard engines sound. They say that *Tango* is not even erotic, merely animalistic and depraved; but of course animalism and depravity make art—ask Sartre. Read Sartre on Genet.

In San Francisco a section of the movie page in the morning newspaper is fastidiously reserved for ads from “Adult Theaters.” In what way, one wonders, is it adult to desire to see *Bijou*, advertised as “the most ambitious and successful porno film, gay or straight . . . ever.” Come to think of it, the ad in question specifies “for mature adults.” Immature adults will satisfy themselves with the double feature *Throat* and *Teen-age Fantasies*. *Adult! Mature!* I propose a new law to Governor Reagan. All movies must be clearly marked: “Warning: Eros does not, in this film, prevail over Thanatos.”

The quote from Burke is almost a cliché, but Professor Williams in his brilliant study, recalls it in perfect context. “Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact

proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there is without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.” □

**MCGOVERN ABROAD** San Antonio, Jan. 26  
—Senator McGovern's speech in Oxford was

a strange blend of spite, rodomontade, and wisdom. Incidentally, one wonders a little bit about the taste involved in going to a foreign country to record one's dismay with one's own country. On the other hand, such are American listening habits that we tend to take more seriously something said by an American abroad than at home. If Senator McGovern had made the speech at the University of Illinois it would not have got the attention in fact it deserves.

IT IS necessary, in order to reach the paydirt in McGovern's speech, to shovel aside layer after layer of what can most generously be called flabdoodle. In making the case against an over-powerful Executive, Mr. McGovern gave as illustration that “one man in the White House was able for so long to continue a conflict of madness in Southeast Asia hated by so many of his countrymen.” That is just plain bad history. The commitment in Vietnam is not acknowledged as madness, even if the manner of our discharge of it is; and nothing is clearer than that the American people thoroughly and contemptuously rejected the proposal of Senator McGovern that we simply walk out of Vietnam, taking our arms with us and leaving a country we had encouraged to fight armed only with slingshots. Congress' funding of the war has been consistent with the wishes of the American public, whose will cannot be held to have been traduced by the Executive in this instance.

And then there is the bitterness, the spite. We must never again allow “young American lives to be lost for the defense of a corrupt dictator anywhere in the

world." Well, in the first place, by definition soldiers are young, so that the rhetoric starts off loaded. Or is McGovern suggesting that only old American lives are expendable in such a cause? And then he suggests we went to war in order to defend a corrupt dictator. Well, we didn't—how's that for an answer? Thieu wasn't even conspicuously around when Lyndon Johnson made the commitment that sent troops to Vietnam. In the second place, there isn't any evidence of any serious nature that Thieu is personally corrupt. And as a matter of fact, not all that much that he is a dictator, as the word is commonly understood. But even if it were so, if it were in America's vital interest to enter into an alliance with a particular country, the fact that it is governed by a dictator, or that the dictator is corrupt, has no strategic bearing that I know of. McGovern is using cant, the same kind of thing that finally persuaded most Americans that he is a petulant man, for all the celebrated decency and benignity.

It was in the same spirit that he told the students at Oxford, who are not in a position to know better, that the American press watching over the White House is corrupt. The reason these gentlemen did not "lay a glove" on Nixon during the campaign, McGovern explained, is that they are afraid of losing their "cushy" jobs. By contrast, they raked him, McGovern, over the coals, he said. Well, of course, everyone in America knows that the press vigorously covered Nixon, and has seldom lost an opportunity to give star billing to his faults major and minor. But that in fact Nixon did and said very little during the campaign, whereas George McGovern worked day and night to complete the huge mosaic of himself, piece by piece, as an ass. The press wasn't frightened by Nixon. It was fascinated by McGovern.

But then McGovern came down hard and truly on the major point, which is that the Executive has become too powerful for anyone's good. We must, said McGovern, "reverse the forty-year trend toward a stronger Presidency and return to the two-hundred-year-old tradition of shared power." How right he is, and how overdue is the intellectual community in recognizing the fact. Up through John F. Kennedy, beginning with FDR, they used to rejoice in the primacy of the President. Now they have felt the whiplash, and conservatives should welcome them to the ranks.

**B**UT IF only Senator McGovern completely understood! "The central challenge for the future of American politics," he said, "is to end the paralysis of our institutions and ease the apprehensions of the electorate." The apprehensions of the electorate are to be sure eased by the diminution of executive power. But we are not

secure for so long as government at any level has overweening power. And the greater apostle of power for government is—none other than George McGovern himself, who would urge the legislature to treat every American as a job-holder whose share of his own earnings would be at the pleasure of Congress to determine; and leave the electorate squatting upon a continent all but helpless against the military might of the superpowers. It isn't only that the Executive must relinquish power to Congress. Both should relinquish power to—if the expression is not profane—the people. I hope the students at Oxford will write our congressmen and urge reform. □

## LYNDON JOHNSON, RIP

*San Antonio, Jan. 29—*

The lady is middle-aged, shrewd, politically active, impeccably kind, civic-minded, born in Texas and raised here, and she spoke as if she were facing such a problem for the very first time in her life. Well, obviously not the first time: When acknowledged monsters like Hitler and Stalin died, people did not, for the most part, scratch about to find something redeeming to say about them. LBJ was clearly of another category, but the lady now remarked—"What am I supposed to say? I didn't like what I knew about him personally. I didn't admire his domestic programs. And I thought his foreign policy was a mess. So what am I supposed to say?"

I counseled her to say nothing, absolutely nothing at all. Having done so, I regretfully acknowledge that my advice is only one part discretion, nine parts funk. Accordingly, into the breach . . .

Even if history justifies Lyndon Johnson's determination to stand by South Vietnam, it is very difficult to believe that history will applaud his conduct of the war. We set out, in Vietnam, to make a resonant point. We did not make it resonantly. In international affairs as in domestic affairs, crime is deterred by the predictability of decisive and conclusive retaliation. The Soviet Union knows that it can count on a dozen years between separatist uprisings in its empire because when it moves, it moves convincingly. If the Soviet Union had sent a few battalions into Hungary, and a dozen years later into Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union would not have made its point.

Johnson, reminiscing in the White House a year before he was evicted, told two reporters that there was no way he might have avoided a showdown in Indochina, that not only John Kennedy (who told him shortly before leaving for Dallas that he intended to make a stand there) but Dwight Eisenhower (who told him in the early Sixties that Southeast Asia would

be the principal challenge of the Presidency) were agreed on the strategic point. But what, one wonders, has been achieved under the circumstances?

To begin with, nobody can predict that, a year or two from now, South Vietnam will still be free. But of greater importance than that, no one in his right mind will predict that the United States, facing a comparable challenge a year or two from now, would respond with military decisiveness. If, in that part of the world, the decision is to gobble up Thailand, what are we going to do about it? Exactly. And if, in another part of the world, they decide to go after Yugoslavia, or even Greece—what would we do about it?

It was the strangest aspect of this strange man that, once having decided on a course of action, he did not pursue it characteristically—i.e., with exclusive concern for its success. By his failure to do so, he undermined the very purpose of the intervention. And if the great Communist superpowers exercise restraint at this point, it will not be because they have learned the lesson of Vietnam, in the way that Stalin learned the lesson of Greece and Iran. It will be merely because of the coincidence of their mutual hostility and their desire for American economic aid.

**S**O WHAT OF his great domestic accomplishments? What great domestic accomplishments? He sought a Great Society. He ushered in bitterness and resentment. He sought to educate all the population of America, and he bred a swagging illiteracy, and a cultural bias in favor of a college education so adamant and so preposterous that if John Milton applied for a job with Chock Full O' Nuts, they would demand first to see his college diploma. The rhetoric of LBJ was in the disastrous tradition of JFK—encouraging the popular superstition that the state could change the quality, no less, of American life. This led necessarily to disappointment, and the more presumptuous the rhetoric, the more bitter the disappointment.

The Great Society did not lead us into eudaemonia. It led us into frustration—and to the lowest recorded confidence-vote in the basic institutions of this country since the birth of George Gallup. But: he was a patriot, who cared for his country, who was unsparing of himself, and who acquired at least a certain public dignity which lifted him from buffoonery, into tragedy. And he was the object of probably the greatest sustained vituperation in American political history. He paid a very high price for the office he discharged. And his detractors, as it happened, are America's worst friends, if that was any consolation. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

|                                                   |                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| A. Manufactured                                   | 7 171 147 40 67 3 41 131                            |
| B. Rose of Sharon                                 | 27 48 30 56 75 160 121                              |
| C. Where motorists pay highway fees               | 33 144 49 69 157 129 138 2                          |
| D. Consisting of a single unit                    | 52 5 70 103 141 92 173                              |
| E. Unscramble ON AN ATOMIC LINE                   | 68 32 53 57 80 88 95 122 136 165<br>167 177 151 188 |
| F. Tuberculosis                                   | 96 10 44 71 8 135 178 197 118 123<br>169            |
| G. The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere | 107 149 158 124 191 145 58 11 200                   |
| H. Present-day Israel's language                  | 110 156 73 31 179 17 94 109 87                      |
| I. Abundant supply                                | 1 14 18 37 45 54                                    |
| J. The joint of the arm                           | 134 153 76 21 112                                   |
| K. Removing the beard                             | 137 59 77 42 183 142 125                            |
| L. What X often represents                        | 115 78 97 175 150 128 185                           |
| M. Equipped with tires                            | 61 89 98 79                                         |
| N. A type of saw                                  | 126 100 168 114 193 81 85 43 176                    |

|                                                                    |                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| O. To make an effort toward                                        | 4 9 16 25 34 63 82                   |
| P. Completeness                                                    | 90 99 199 55 117 130 192 155 50      |
| Q. A string of beads                                               | 22 38 19 140 91 181 113 60           |
| R. A solemn declaration of disapproval                             | 152 180 86 170 64 198 6              |
| S. To form crudely                                                 | 161 127 46 143 83 101 74 105         |
| T. A sea; an inlet of the Pacific                                  | 172 20 104 184 132 196 66            |
| U. Position played by Herman C. Long in National League, 1890-1902 | 189 187 111 108 23                   |
| V. Something existing in appearance only                           | 26 24 47 119 182 190 163             |
| W. No longer fertile                                               | 106 13 148 164 28 84                 |
| X. To relieve from wrong                                           | 12 195 120 29 201                    |
| Y. A former senator from New York                                  | 102 159 15 72                        |
| Z. An informer                                                     | 186 35 62 93 146 154 166 174 194 202 |
| a. A weapon common among Muslims                                   | 36 39 51 65 116 133 139 162          |

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 224 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

|      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
|      | 1 I  | 2 C  |      | 3 A  | 4 O  | 5 D  | 6 R  |      | 7 A  | 8 F  | 9 O  |      | 10 F | 11 G | 12 X |      | 13 W | 14 I |
| 15 Y | 16 O |      | 17 H | 18 I | 19 Q | 20 T |      | 21 J | 22 Q |      | 23 U | 24 V | 25 O |      | 26 V | 27 B | 28 W | 29 X |
|      | 30 B | 31 H | 32 E | 33 C |      | 34 O | 35 Z | 36 a |      | 37 I | 38 Q | 39 a | 40 A |      | 41 A | 42 K | 43 N | 44 F |
| 45 I | 46 S | 47 V | 48 B | 49 C | 50 P |      | 51 a | 52 D |      | 53 E | 54 I | 55 P |      | 56 B | 57 E | 58 G | 59 K | 60 Q |
| 61 M | 62 Z |      | 63 O | 64 R | 65 a | 66 T |      | 67 A | 68 E | 69 C | 70 D | 71 F | 72 Y |      | 73 H | 74 S |      | 75 B |
| 76 J | 77 K | 78 L | 79 M | 80 E | 81 N |      | 82 O | 83 S | 84 W |      | 85 N | 86 R | 87 H | 88 E | 89 M | 90 P | 91 Q | 92 D |
|      | 93 Z | 94 H | 95 E | 96 F | 97 L |      | 98 M | 99 P |      | 100N | 101S | 102Y | 103D | 104T |      | 105S | 106W |      |
| 107G | 108U | 109H |      | 110H | 111U | 112J |      | 113Q | 114N | 115L | 116a | 117P | 118F | 119V | 120X |      | 121B | 122E |
| 123F | 124G | 125K |      | 126N | 127S | 128L | 129C | 130P | 131A |      | 132T | 133a | 134J |      | 135F | 136E | 137K | 138C |
| 139a | 140Q | 141D | 142K |      | 143S | 144C | 145G | 146Z |      | 147A | 148W |      | 149G | 150L | 151E | 152R | 153J | 154Z |
| 155P | 156H |      | 157C | 158G | 159Y | 160B | 161S | 162a | 163V | 164W | 165E | 166Z |      | 167E | 168N | 169F | 170R | 171A |
| 172T | 173D |      | 174Z | 175L | 176N |      | 177E | 178F | 179H | 180R | 181Q | 182V | 183K | 184T | 185L |      | 186Z | 187U |
| 188E |      | 189U | 190V | 191G | 192P | 193N | 194Z | 195X | 196T | 197F |      | 198R | 199P | 200G | 201X | 202Z |      |      |

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Source: U.S. Forest Service, Forest Inventory and Analysis  
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**American Forest Institute**

17

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